The Outlook

Volume 141 September 23, 1925 Number 4

Hurrah! We Were Wrong!

NEVER in its entire history has The Outlook retracted a statement with greater joy than it does in reporting the survival of the gallant crew of the PN-9 No. 1. As last week's issue of The Outlook went to press almost the entire country had abandoned hope of the rescue of Commander Rodgers and his men. To the Pacific coast, which had witnessed the departure of the aviators for their distant goal, the news of the survival of the crew of the PN-9 No. 1 brought a particularly intimate relief, but the rest of the country was not far behind in the expression of its jubilation.

An editorial correspondent in San Francisco sends us by air mail word of the celebration which took place in San Francisco, now so busy with its Diamond Jubilee. He writes:

> The holiday crowds thronging the streets, theaters, and motion-picture houses forgot all else for the moment. Audiences leaped to their feet when announcement of the fact was made upon the screen or from the stage, and in many places crowds stood bareheaded while they sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."
>
> Throughout the city and countryside the first news came to many homes through the radio. Jazz bands and more orthodox performances were ruthlessly interrupted by the radio announcers who gave out the welcome news, and repeated it at intervals for the benefit of those who had not been listening in at first. Special editions of all the papers were quickly on the streets, and, although no news was available until the following morning beyond the laconic announcement of the fliers' safety, every detail of flight and the nine days of searching and waiting, hastily written up and thrown into type, was eagerly read.

The country rejoices in the lives that were saved, and it also rejoices in the fact that the crew of the giant seaplane lived up to the highest traditions for courage and seamanship in their service. The Commander of the PN-9 No. 1 has added luster to a name which has meant much in American history.

Government by Bumps

THE greatest city in America is choosing on the day this is written its candidates for the Mayoralty. On the morning of the primary election a newspaper presents as one of its strongest arguments for the man it supports a phrenological chart showing the bumps and depressions in the skull of the two leading candidates of its party. Why it does not also publish their horoscopes we do not know. Horoscopes would certainly have as much bearing upon the issues of the election as the statement that one candidate's nose "shows desire for the good things of life" and the other candidate's nose "indicates executive power and ability to manage men." It is fortunate for America that such arguments are not really typical of our political campaigns, even if they do happen to be characteristic of such leaders as Hearst and Hylan.

At that, the worship of the great god "Bunk" is not solely an American religion.

A Roll of Honor More or Less

WHAT have we accomplished towards freeing our waters of pollution? There has been prepared for the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation a summary of the needs of the situation. It was compiled by Dr. George Wilton Field, a biologist of high standing. In this report he classes the cities above 100,000 inhabitants upon a percentage basis according to the efficiency of their sewage treatment in relation to the population served. The rôle of sanitary honor runs as follows:

Columbus, Ohio	95%
Baltimore, Maryland	70%
Houston, Texas	68%
Atlanta, Georgia	65%
Reading, Pennsylvania	50%
Cleveland, Ohio	25%

Worcester, Chicago, and Milwaukee each treat ten per cent of their sewage adequately at the present time. These three cities all have new construction under way and Milwaukee expects to have an efficient system by 1930.

If the city in which you live has over 100,000 inhabitants and is not on this list, it is dumping its sewage into public waters without treatment. Dr. Field does not include in this list those cities which merely screen out the large floating articles. He says that this is merely eye service and that its sanitary and economic value is nothing.

There are cities with a total population of over 19,000,000 people which make little or no attempt to obey the fundamental law, that users of water shall pass it on to other users unimpaired in quantity and quality.

The Cave Man in the Holy Land

HARDLY a month passes nowadays without its report of some fossil find of prehistoric man. The most recent comes from Palestine. A skull-cap, more than half complete, that belonged perhaps 20,000 or 40,000 odd years ago to a peculiar type of Neanderthal cave man was recently found in a cave high up in the rocky walls of a valley near the Sea of Galilee.

In this cave the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem found a deep accumulation of compacted deposits of rock fallen at various periods from its roof, together with fragments of ancient stone, bronze, and iron implements and the charred remains of fires which had been used for cooking by many generations of prehistoric man. By making a vertical cross-section of these deposits and carefully hand picking every spadeful of them for evidence it was quite easy to reconstruct the story of the whole past occupancy of the cave. Starting at the top, then, the excavators were able to delineate layers of recent date; next, mediæval and Arab; lower, Byzantine and Roman; then iron age; bronze age; and, finally, at the bottom, stone

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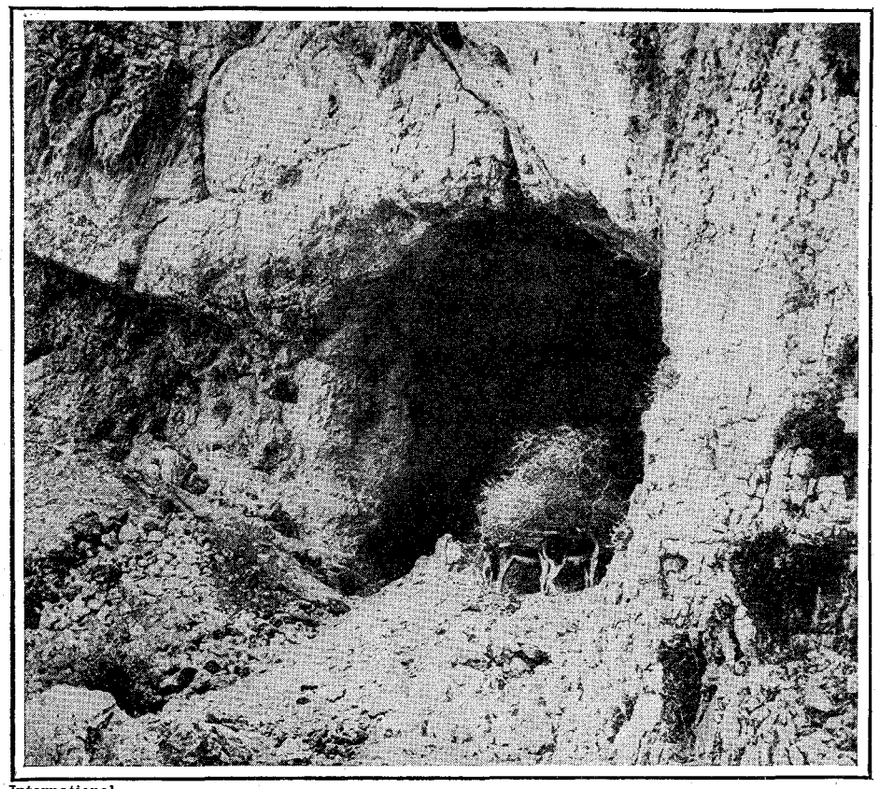

International

The cave, north of Tiberias, in Palestine, where the skull was discovered

age. In the last they found the "Galilee skull," perfectly fossilized, so that it rang like porcelain.

How came this individual of a species of man already known from fifteen skeletons previously found in Europe, to be living also in western Asia? How does he fit in with what we already know of man's prehistoric past? Was he our ancestor, this thick-skulled, beetling-browed, short-necked, bent, shambling savage?

Another Race of Another Species of Man

FIRST, we must realize that so far our discoveries have enabled us to see prehistory but dimly, as through a mist. From comparatively small evidence we must try to piece together some sort of account, keeping always in mind that it is tentative, and that some of its parts are poorly authenticated, while others seem as sure as Julius Cæsar.

Of the latter sort is Neanderthal man, of whose fossils we have no mere tantalizing handful of fragments, but at least sixteen well-preserved, easily studied specimens. Thus we know pretty well what this man who dwelt in the caves of Europe was like, and, with few exceptions, anthropologists agree that he was not our direct ancestor, but a separate branch of the tree, one that became extinct long ago. It now begins to look as if he even had his own different races, just as *homo sapiens* has to-day.

The Galilee fossil has peculiar interest because it seems to represent one of these races differing from the European race of the Neanderthal species. The skull—that of a man of under thirty (the age judged by openness of suture or jointing lines)—is higher, a little more like our own than the European Neanderthal race, which is the true prototypal "low-brow." Does this prove that the Galilee man was in process of evolving into our own species? Few think so. That process went on elsewhere—we do not yet know where.

Tentatively, some such hypothesis as this is accepted by most anthropologists: Man originated and most of his species differentiated in Asia—possibly in Africa. From time to time "progress samples" of this continuing evolution were thrust out in different directions, a whole welter of forms, only five species of which have been found so far. Neanderthal man was thus in Europe at least 100,000 years ago, and he lived there until about 25,000 years ago. But as the last of the ice age passed a race of our species of man, the Cro-Magnons, came into Europe, exterminating (a few still believe, absorbing) Neanderthal man. Fifteen thousand years later came our own Caucasian ancestors with their superior culture, absorbing the Cro-Magnon man. Shall a still better species of man some time brush us aside, just as our species treated the lowly, primitive Neanderthal kind?

Mosul and "Mespot"

A CLEAR and complete account of the controversy over Mosul (which is or is not part of Irak, once Mesopotamia, according to the way one looks at it) is presented on another page by Mr. Baldwin, The Outlook's editorial correspondent abroad.

Since that article was written the boldness of Turkey's attitude has gone to extreme lengths. From Geneva it is reported that Turkey is insistent upon an immediate settlement of the whole problem without further debate of the report of the League of Nations' Commission. More than this, Turkey has, despatches say, amassed an army of about seventy thousand men on the frontier between the Mosul district and the rest of Mesopotamia. This is probably a gesture rather than an indication of actual war. Turkey was so successful in bluffing the Powers into complying with her programme at the Lausanne Conference that she seems to think now that any audacity in the way of demands will have the same success.

In London there has sprung up what is described by one newspaper correspondent as "a chorus of general opposition" to the proposal that a British mandate over Irak should be extended indefinitely, with Mosul included in Irak, as is proposed by the League of Nations. Mr. Garvin, of the "Observer," who is normally a supporter of the Prime Minister, says of this plan "it is a dull madness." The opposition to the idea proceeds apparently from all parties, and it is largely based on the financial aspect—that is, according to this view, England thinks it is already spending too much money and insists that the present administration is pledged to economy in foreign expenditure. The last thing that the average Englishman wants is to see his income tax go up several pennies in the pound in order to carry on a small war with Turkey over Irak or Mosul. This embarrasses the diplomats, who believe that they can preserve England's interests without any actual war.

All the parties to this dispute disavow the theory that the trouble would be

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Welcome the sour cup

(Love's Labor's Lost, Act I, Scene 1)

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

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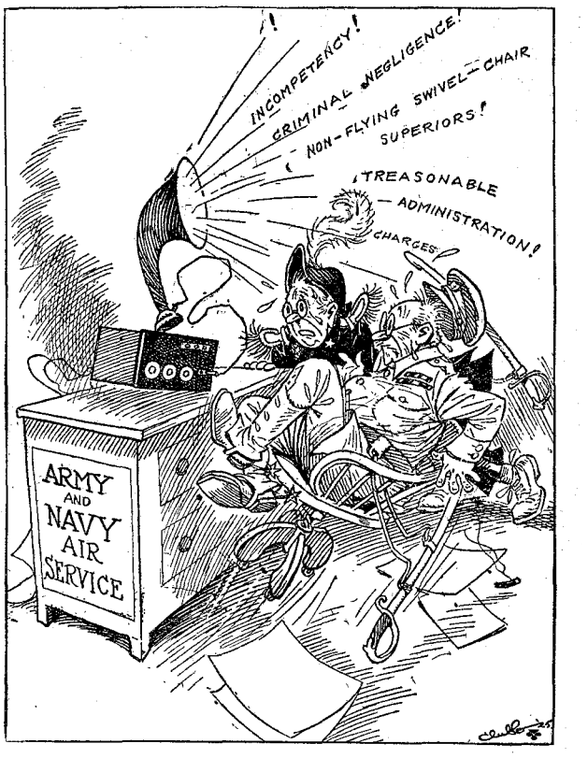
His master's voice

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

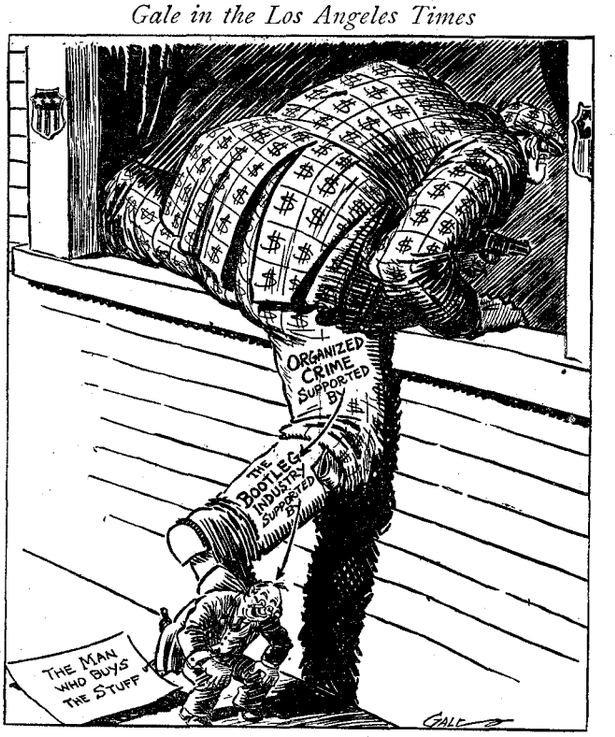
Clubb in the Rochester Herald



Col. Mitchell "has the air"

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Gale in the Los Angeles Times



"There's no harm in a little bootleg!"

From Rev. D. M. Walker, Shelbyville, Ky.

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

YEP! JUST GOT HOME. DONT STOP, ILL COME OUT AND SHAKE HANDS WHILE YOU WORK!
ADMINISTRATION
COOLIDGE
ECONOMY POLICY
GOVT. EXPENSES

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No formal welcome necessary

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

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soon over if it were not that Mosul is exceedingly rich in oil. Turkey and England both assert that oil concessions might be so managed as to be fair and just to everybody concerned.

Closing in on the Riff

THE clever device of the pincers in the map published herewith was not intended, we are sure, by the artist, Mr. Walrath, to present the actual situation as it is to-day, but the general purpose and outcome hoped for in the combined French and Spanish forward movement. The pincers will not close this season, but points will be seized from which the closing-in movement will proceed if Abd-el-Krim does not offer peace terms much more reasonable than those he has heretofore put forward rather as a gesture than as a basis of peace.

In a sense the Riffians are already between two enemy forces. The Spanish troops landed in Alhucemas Bay on September 8 under the cover of fire from Spanish warships. Their advance from the landing point was not carried on without severe fighting, and they have not yet (September 16) occupied Ajdir, the chief place in the territory claimed by Abd-el-Krim. The tribesmen have in turn attacked the Spaniards in the vicinity of Tetuan.

The French advance was on a large scale—a pushing forward of solid blocks of troops toward definite objects, regardless of the temptation to pursue the Riffians in other directions. In this way were regained several of what were originally French outposts which fell in Abd-el-Krim's early raids. The result is said to have impressed those tribesmen who have been hesitating between desire to support the war for Riffian independence and fear of the large-scale operations of France.

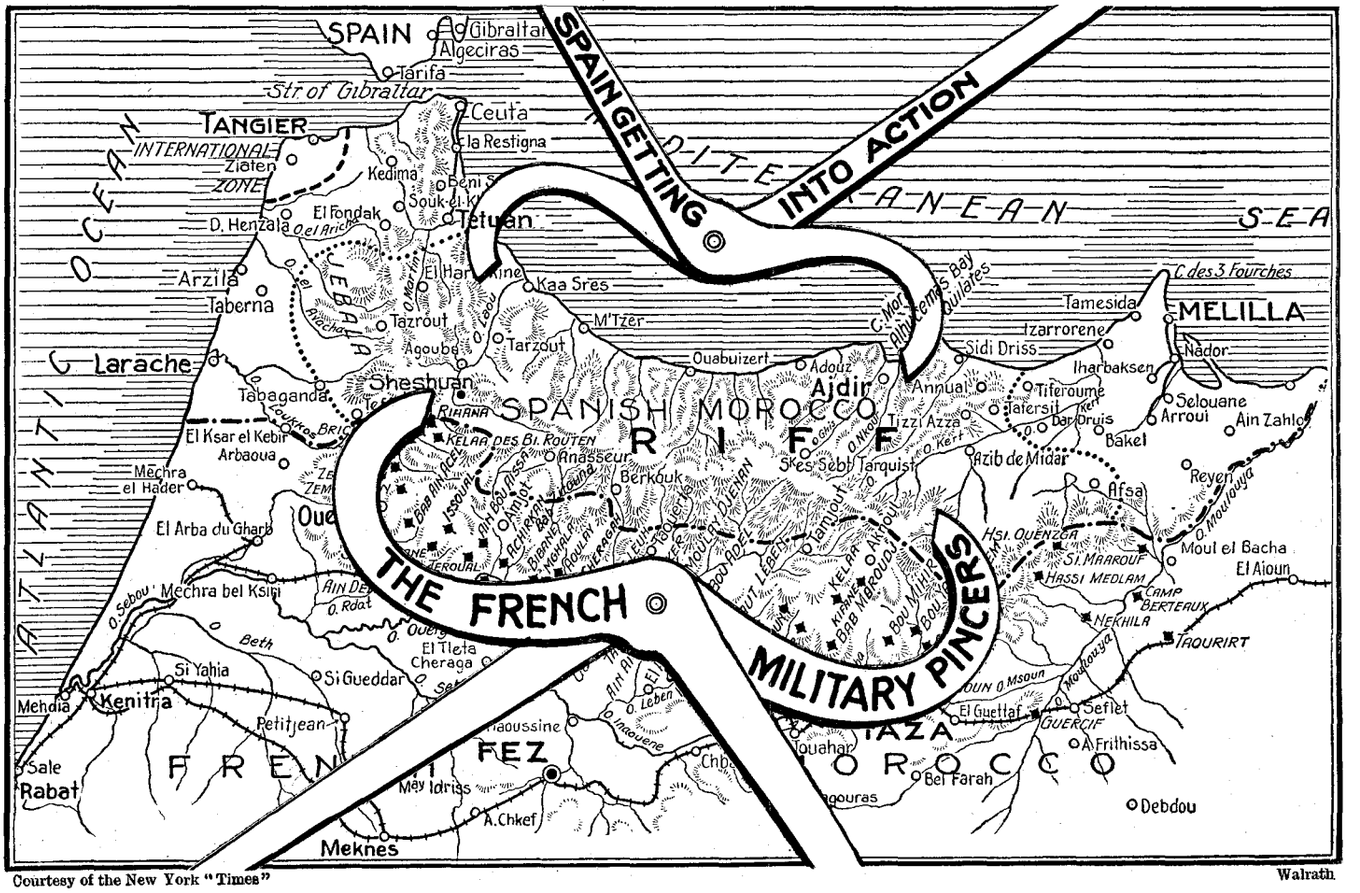
For a small war the operations going on in the Riff are complicated and extensive. It is probable that neither side has yet exerted full strength, and it seems almost certain that the preponderance of French and Spanish forces, which must be something like four to one in numbers, will in the end make the application of the pincers plan feasible.

It has been said that this is a war of Moslem against Christian, but it seems quite as much to be an attempt by a small, partly nomadic Eastern people to assert its independence not only from foreign rule but from such foreign control as is necessary to protect the well-established rights of the two Western nations involved.

Work is Better than Doles

WHEN the fact is mentioned that a million and a quarter of workers and their families in Great Britain are living in whole or in part on money furnished by the taxpayers without services rendered, the question is often asked, Why does not the British Government provide construction work on a large scale? This is what it is now undertaking to do. The London "Times" of recent date outlines a really stupendous scheme of road-making and road-mending, undertaken for the express purpose of giving work to the unemployed.

The political economists hold that such attempts are doubtful from the productive point of view. The classical analogy was that to "make work" where the demand was not spontaneous was too much like paying a laborer to move a pile of bricks back and forth without any object. Relief work, they say, is deadening to the worker, is apt to be mixed up with political jobbery, and usually puts men on jobs to which they are not suited. It may be admissible in an emergency, but



Courtesy of the New York "Times" Walrath

"Pincers" operations against the Riffians started by the French and Spanish armies

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it may also prolong the emergency condition.

The reply is that the emergency actually exists and is cogent. This also is the only defense for the Baldwin Ministry in offering what is practically a subsidy to the coal industry.

Road-making is as little objectionable as any form of relief work; almost any laborer can be made useful; the results, even if not immediately imperative, are of permanent public value. It has been tried locally in Great Britain; now it is to be done on a national scale.

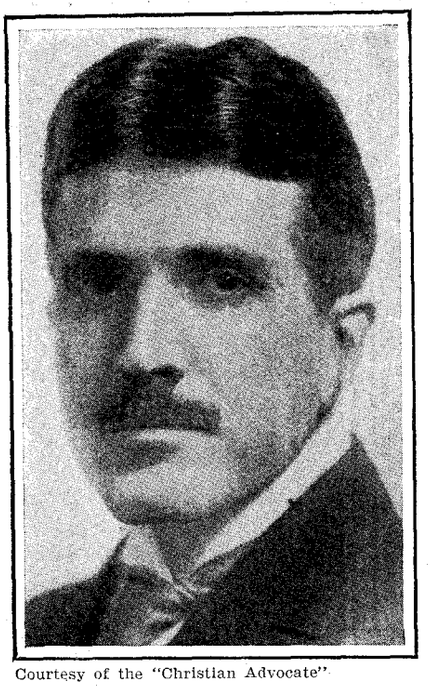
The proposal is to spend about $15,000,000 more for road-building and improvement in the next year than ever before and to appropriate over $30,000,000 for bettering some two thousand miles of trunk roads, and to move bodies of unemployed labor to the points where construction is going on. The occasion will be taken to make these great highways noble and beautiful.

This is certainly an interesting attempt to stem industrial trouble, but no such temporary adjustment goes to the actual root of England's present depression, the loss of her export trade in important commodities.

"A Great Heresy Case"

WHEN those newspaper readers who are at all well informed about church matters read the other day despatches stating that formal charges of heresy had been presented to Methodist conferences in Michigan against Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, of the Central Methodist Church in Detroit, and Dr. William H. Phelps, editor of the Michigan "Christian Advocate," they could hardly believe that the statement was to be taken seriously. Well, it is not to be taken seriously. There will be no convulsion in the Methodist Church, no heresy baiting, no attempt to suppress freedom of thought.

Every Church has its fanatics, as every political party has its lunatic fringe. With all respect to the honesty and fervor of the Rev. Levi Bird, Ph.D., who thus signs himself to the twenty-seven charges against Dr. Hough, he "sees things." He claims indeed to see visions. According to a correspondent of the Detroit "Times" he has described an experience which led him to feel that God had directed him through a vision to fight the teachers of evolution and that



Courtesy of the "Christian Advocate"

Dr. Lynn Harold Hough

the end of the world might come within five years "if the Dr. Houghs did not repent of their evolutionary views."

Now Lynn Hough is widely known as a man of culture, a writer as moderate in language as his accuser is violent, a preacher listened to by large American and English audiences of taste and intellectual attainments, a former President of Northwestern University, and as one who would have been welcomed to the Methodist Board of Bishops if he had not quietly said, *"Nolo episcopari."*

We have read with pleasure and instruction the sermon that led to Dr. Bird's onslaught. It has deep religious feeling; it carries no attempt to make men evolutionists; although it shows that the writer believes in the broad and universal idea of evolution, it expresses no opinion as to processes; it says: "You can so interpret evolution as to make it anti-Christian. You can so interpret evolution as to make it express the very genius of Christianity. . . . Can we make Christianity commanding in terms of scientific thought? Yes, more commanding than ever before." In short, the sermon is one that must command the assent of moderate thinkers and the sincere tribute of the spiritually minded.

This is what Mr. Bird calls in his charge "the foamings of the Anti-Christ," "the last assault of the devil on the divinity of Jesus Christ," "utterances that beget crime and lawlessness," and the like. And the accuser in his own mind convicts not only one preacher and one editor but the whole Church. "Such doctrine . . . has driven the Holy Ghost from the Methodist Church" (charge 22). We are not surprised to be told that last year's General Conference received from this guardian of true religion a telegram saying: "If you lift the ban on amusements, hell will rejoice, heaven will shed blood. May God have mercy on a decadent Church and Conference.—Rev. Levi Bird, Ph.D."

The Michigan Annual Methodist Conference, soberly (more or less) listened to a report on the charges against Dr. Phelps—for printing the sermon and praising it—heard a committee report that the charges be dismissed, and so ordered by a vote of 300 to 0. As we write the Detroit Conference, of which Dr. Hough is a member, is in session.

We are not given either to betting or to prophecy, but we think we see the end of "a great heresy case."

Rebels or Revolutionists?

THERE are those who think that military and naval discipline is an absolutely inelastic code. They believe that the practice and policy of superiors must control to the minutest degree the policy and action of subordinates. Those who hold this opinion are supporters of a theory which has not been proved in practice.

Gallant Captain Broke, who commanded the Shannon in its overwhelming defeat of the Chesapeake, was an example of the type of man who rises superior to the practice and policy of his superiors. In the control of his fire, in the training of his men, he was greatly in advance of the service which he honored by his accomplishments.

During Roosevelt's Administration a young lieutenant appealed directly to the President because he was thoroughly dissatisfied with the gunnery practice of our Navy. Tests were made, and the opinion of the lieutenant was vindicated to the immense advantage of the American Navy. That lieutenant lived to command the American naval forces in the World War with the rank of a full admiral. His advance was due to his courage and initiative and to the fact that there was in the White House a man who recognized such qualities and honored them.

Successful rebels against official in-

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competence go down in history not as rebels but as revolutionists. The soldier or sailor who attempts rebellion must be prepared to accept the full penalty of failure. His act is one which is only justified by its success and the service that he renders.

The code for rebels who would be revolutionists is an inexorable one. It demands, first of all, the elimination of all self-seeking; it demands next the elimination of political chicanery; it demands further the elimination of personal hostility and vindictiveness. Without these things the motives of the rebel will be questioned and doubted and his own opportunity for any further usefulness destroyed.

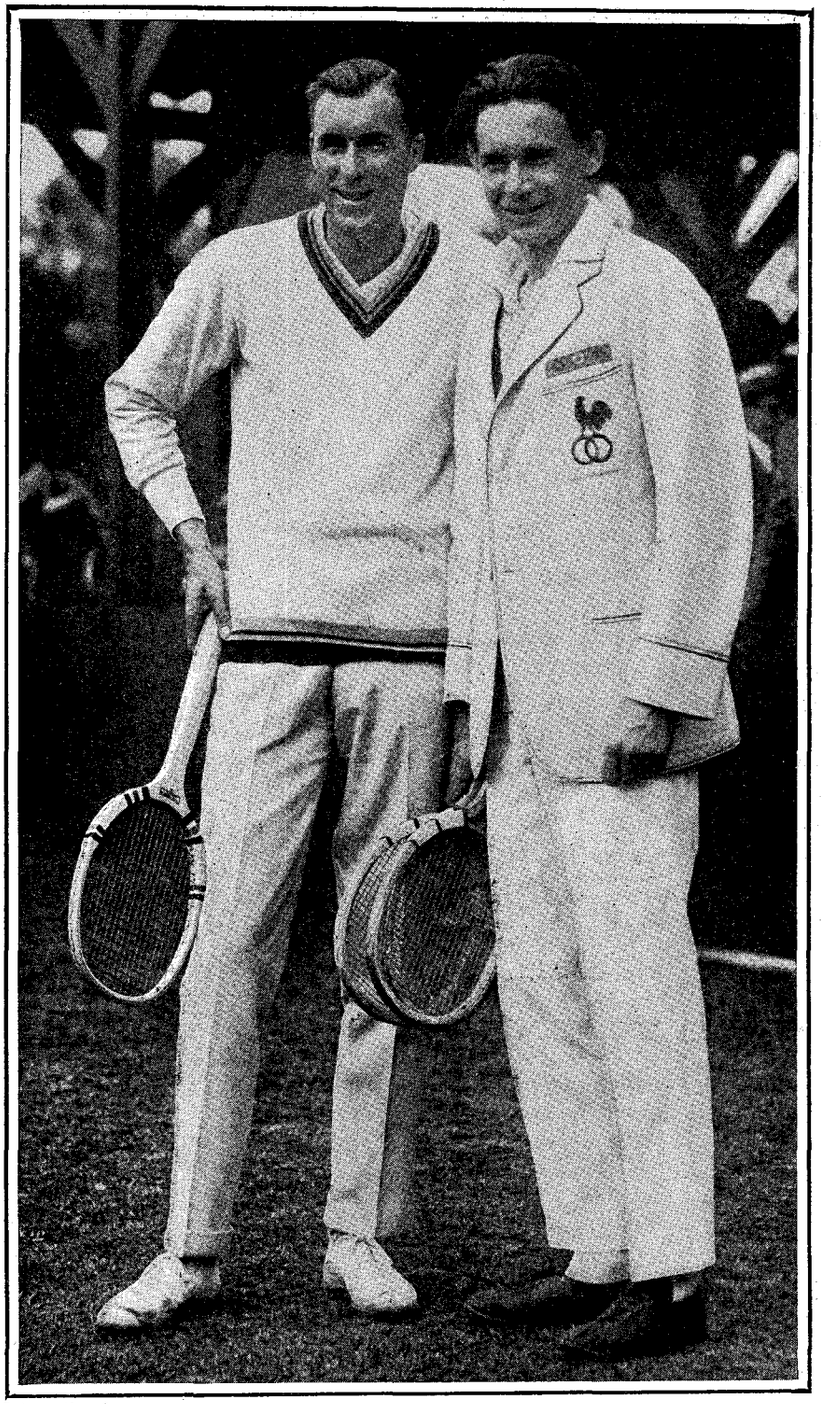
The military and naval service has the right and duty to protect its morale and its organization from the disruptive egotism of self-seekers. Some of these facts appear to have been forgotten by the men who are calling for the reorganization of the Air Service in the American Army and Navy.

The Davis Cup Stays Here

AMERICA'S successful defense of the Davis Cup was not unexpected by the tennis world. The real surprise lay in the fact that it was the French team, and not the Australians, who were the challengers. Championship matches in hot weather have their effect on form, and undoubtedly, too, the Australian confidence had been somewhat upset by Richards and Williams in the doubles at Boston.

Borotra reached great heights in the round against the Antipodeans, in the course of which René La Coste was of little help. When it came to the challenge round, however, La Coste showed such tennis as he had not put on display since Wimbledon. After some of his play at Boston one had expected some fine tennis from Borotra, but the gallery had about despaired of La Coste. Perhaps the greatest tennis of the season in a way was the utter ruin of Gerald Patterson's famous service, accomplished by Borotra. The way for that had been prepared by Richards and Williams, and Borotra was quick to profit by the lead of the Americans. Richards and Williams stood on or inside the base-line against the famous cannon-ball service, and in this way broke through it. Borotra did the same thing, scoring ace after ace in this way. The result was that Patterson lost his confidence, and so did his partner, Hawkes, and the French won a surprising victory in the doubles. It apparently took too much out of them, however, for when they came to the challenge round at Philadelphia they could not match either the stroking or the generalship of Richards and Williams. Williams had improved, if anything, over his play at Boston, and the team was simply unbeatable.

It was the singles, as expected, that provided the dramatic features, with the result that the challenge round provided some wonderful tennis, despite the fact that America took every match. William T. Tilden 2d, the National champion, found the Frenchmen the hardest pair to meet he had encountered in some time, and proved, incidentally, that he was not the great Tilden of even a year ago. In



International

William T. Tilden 2d, of the American defending team, and Jean Borotra, of the brilliant French team which provided the champions with the hottest of competition

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the matter of stamina he was hard put to it to get through both Borotra and La Coste, and against La Coste he was signally outplayed and occasionally almost ludicrously outgeneraled well into the third set. The fact that he is undoubtedly the greatest stroke-maker in the world pulled him through the long match against Borotra, and at last through the three-hour affair with La Coste.

In this match the twenty-year-old French winner at Wimbledon flashed for well over two sets tennis as perfect as even Tilden had ever played at any stage of his career. This is superlative praise, but it is earned. Tilden has his own special style of generalship that is generally a puzzle to the highest ranking of the other players. This time, however, the French star turned on a generalship of his own so nearly perfect that there were times when the champion was utterly bewildered. It was only the quality of a real champion that has always marked Tilden's play that pulled him through. Four times the French challenger was at match point, and four times Tilden brought off daring shots by way of rescue. Utterly exhausted, apparently, half-way through the match, the American was compelled to stretch himself flat on the sod for a rest. That he regained some of his strength later and improved after apparently having played himself out was one of the marvels of the tournament. Tilden's play this year has shown that, while he is still a great champion, he is no longer in a class by himself. La Coste proved that effectively. Just how near he came to winning may be realized from the fact that Tilden played one of the match-point returns of the Frenchman out of court, and it was not until the play was over and many had thought the Frenchman a victor that the judge on the line called La Coste's ball out, thus saving Tilden. There is no question of the correctness of the decision, but it was just another of those unfortunately belated decisions that have been so frequent this year.

So the United States is still supreme in tennis, and is likely to remain so for a long time to come. Good as are the Australians, the French, the Spaniards, and the Japanese, there are only a few of them of the first flight, while this country has a small army of youngsters coming along—players who are apt to upset the leaders at any time. It is said that tennis runs more truly to form than any other game, and in the main this is true, but the younger element is close on the heels of the leaders and likely to come through the best of them at any time.

John Galt and Some Other Scots

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IF you want to irritate a Scotchman, call him a Scotchman. He insists (and quite reasonably, for every man is entitled to choose his own cognomen) that he is either Scottish or a Scot or a Scotsman. He resents the adjective Scotch (abbreviated by Englishmen and Americans from Scottish), which he believes has been imposed upon him by the Sassenach to the south of him.

And yet we must not let this trifling orthographical hobby blind us to the fact that Scotland, with an area of 30,000 square miles and with a population of 5,000,000 (three-fifths the area and one-half the population of the State of New York), has produced some of the greatest names in the history of literature, science, and art. If I were a picture collector, I should like to own a Raeburn, the most engaging, to my mind, of all the great British portrait painters. Sir Walter Scott (unfashionable as it is, just at the moment, to read him) easily heads the list of historical novelists. Robert Burns, whom Sir James Barrie calls "the greatest Scotsman who ever lived," has probably touched more hearts than any other poet of all time, except, perhaps, David the Jew. Barrie himself has no superior as a playwright of delicate whimsy and imagination. Adam Smith, whose "Wealth of Nations" will be read when more scientific treatises on political economy are forgotten, was born in Fifeshire; David Hume, who has left a deep impress on English history and philosophy, was born in Edinburgh; and John Stuart Mill, the celebrated logician, was a Scot in character and spirit, for his father, born in Forfarshire, the son of a Scottish shoemaker, was trained for the Church in the University of Edinburgh. It would be hard to name a trio from the records of English literature who had clearer intellects in the realm of abstract thought than these three men. No scientist, except possibly the Frenchman Pasteur, has ever done more for the assuagement of pain than the Scottish physician Sir James Simpson, who introduced, against the violent opposition of the leading members of his profession, the use of anæsthetics in childbirth. He was of very humble origin, but was created a baronet late in life. His social pretensions, to which his birth did not wholly entitle him, gave rise to some good-humored chaffing.

To the foregoing roster of Scottish names I would add, last but not least, the name of James Boswell, the greatest of all biographers. It is the fashion in some quarters to look down upon Boswell as the meanest of his kind and to regard his achievement as a sort of accident. The opinion of Carlyle (another great Scotsman) seems to me to be sounder:

> Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. . . . Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. . . . You may surround the iron and the magnet with what enclosures and encumbrances you please,—with wood, with rubbish, with brass: it matters not, the two feel each other, they *will* be together. The iron may be a Scottish squirelet, full of gulosity and "gigmanity;" the magnet an English plebeian, and moving rag-and-dust mountain, coarse, proud, irascible, imperious; nevertheless, behold how they embrace, and inseparably cleave to one another! It is one of the strangest phenomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of Discipleship (such as brought men from far countries with rich gifts, and prostrate soul to the feet of the prophets) had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does), perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart, James Boswell should have been the individual of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering, and for a long while, laughing and unrecognizing world.

These comments on Scottish men of power have been suggested by another Scottish writer with whom I have just renewed acquaintance. Some years ago a friend gave me a copy of a story of Scottish life and character, now over a

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hundred years old, called "The Annals of the Parish," by John Galt, a Scottish novelist of whom up to that time I had never heard. It delighted me. Lately I found listed in a publisher's catalogue an edition, published in Edinburgh, of another of John Galt's novels, "The Provost" by name. It was equally delightful. In speaking of these two stories to a friend of mine, an American by choice and marriage, a Scot by birth, chief actuary of one of the great insurance companies of New York City (and, by the way, insurance actuaries, who must be men of mathematical precision and wise reasoning powers, are very commonly of Scottish birth and education), I found that he also was an admirer of John Galt. He lent me a copy, in two volumes, of Galt's autobiography, published in London in 1833.

John Galt was born in Ayrshire, a few miles from the birthplace of Robert Burns and twenty years later than the plowman-poet. Galt was a voluminous writer from his early youth, but he wanted to be a business man. He established himself in London, but went into bankruptcy. When nearly fifty years of age, he was sent to America as secretary and superintendent of the Canada Company, which was founded for the agricultural and mercantile exploitation of Canada, in imitation of the historic East India Company, in which Charles Lamb was one time a clerk. Galt's ambition appears to have been to make himself a kind of Warren Hastings of Canada. But, although his ideas were prolific and ingenious, and while he made many novel suggestions, such as the cultivation of cotton and tobacco on Canadian soil, his contributions to the development of Canada were unsuccessful, at least financially, unless there is reckoned as one of his contributions his son, Sir Alexander Galt, who became one of the important and influential Canadian statesmen of the middle of the last century.

Galt's career, like that of William De Morgan, is a curious illustration of the fact that a man's avocation may sometimes prove to be the source of his fame, and his chosen vocation, in which it was his ambition to shine, may be forgotten by all others but himself. De Morgan wished to be an artist, but he will always be remembered, if remembered at all, as a novelist. John Galt wished to be a colonizer, a statesman, a leader of men, but he will be remembered as the author of four or five novels which may fairly take rank with Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," Miss Mitford's "Our Village," Miss Burney's "Evelina," and some of Jane Austen's stories as delineations of "small-town" life and character. The Rev. Micah Balwhidder and Provost Pawkie are quite as lifelike as any of Sinclair Lewis's portraitures, and far more engaging, humorous, and genial. The pathetic thing about John Galt is that his fame—for I think that it may be said that his reputation among the judicious is growing into fame—rests on his past-mastership in a profession which he publicly disavowed in his autobiography:

> At no time, as I frankly confess [he says], have I been a great admirer of mere literary character; to tell the truth, I have sometimes felt a little shamefaced in thinking myself so much an author, in consequence of the estimation in which I view the professors of book making in general. A mere literary man—an author by profession—stands but low in my opinion.

So it was with John Hay. Almost by force of circumstances he was a statesman, and a good one too, but at heart he was always a man of letters. Nevertheless he did not want to be remembered (as he will be) for his "Pike County Ballads," and especially for the most famous ballad of them all, "Little Breeches." I do not suppose it makes much difference to the spirit of George Canning, Prime Minister of England, that I remember him, not as one of the promulgators of the Monroe Doctrine, and therefore one of the fathers of the Panama Canal, but as the author of "The Needy Knife Grinder."

Forty or more years ago, about the time that the Wagnerian operas were being introduced in this country, George M. Pullman had a competitor by the name of Wagner who manufactured sleeping-cars and "palace-cars." They were widely known and used throughout the country. One evening, so the story goes, two Western railway executives dropped into the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and in martyrdom suffered one of the more esoteric of Richard Wagner's great music dramas—"Die Walkürie," perhaps, or "Götterdämmerung." Coming out, one of them remarked to the other, "Jim, I think that man Wagner would have done better to stick to sleeping-cars!"

After having read three of John Galt's five best novels and his own account of his ventures in commerce and industry, I think he did well not to stick to business, but to devote himself to literary art.

California and Her Diamond Jubilee

Staff Correspondence by HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

"DO you know where the real Californian is, the giant, the world builder? He is sitting by the trail, high up in the mountains. His eyes are dim and his head is white. His sleeves are lowered. His pick and shovel are by his side. His feet are weary and sore. He is still prospecting. Pretty soon he will sink his last prospect hole in the Sierras. Some younger men will come along and lengthen it out a little and lay him in his grave. The old-timer will have passed out to prospect the outcroppings that star the floors of heaven. And, though he may die there in the pines of the mighty mountains while still searching for the golden fleece, do not forget that his life is an epic, noble as any handed down from out the dusty eld. Some day a fitting poet will come, and then he will take his place among the heroes and the gods."

This passage of Joaquin Miller came to my thought with strange vividness the other evening as I sat at an open window facing east, and looked down from the heights of Nob Hill over the city of San Francisco, ablaze with light to celebrate California's Diamond Jubilee. Beyond the city was the bay, catching the silver-gold glow of the rising harvest moon, and beyond the bay the lights of the bay cities, and beyond the lights of the bay cities the silent repose of the mountains and the everlasting hills.

It was these hills and these mountains that set me thinking of Joaquin Miller and the days and the people to whom he paid tribute. It all seemed so far away and long ago, and yet, as time goes to the making of history, it was little more than yesterday. The story is indeed but a span long. Seventy-seven years or so ago, just before the onset of the gold rush, that spark in the powder-house

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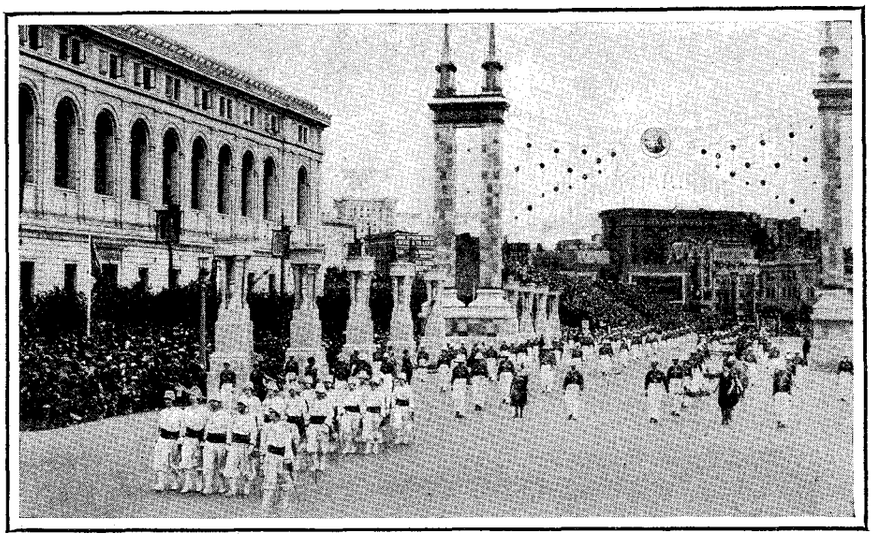

Admission Day Parade, a feature of California's celebration of her entrance into the Union

which produced one of the greatest race movements in history, San Francisco was no more than "a sleepy village on an almost vacant bay." It knew the "Boston man" who came in his clipper ship round the Horn for his cargo of hides and tallow, but, for the rest, it was well content that the way of to-morrow should be even as this day. As it was with San Francisco, so it was with the whole of California; from the Mexican border to the Oregon line it has practically all come into being since then.

Well, at first Joaquin Miller's looking backwards appealed to me. That day I had traversed the city in many directions. I had seen a great procession move up Market Street beneath a fluttering cloud of flags and gay streamers; the rich Spanish colors of red and green and gold were everywhere, and overhead the cloudless blue of a Californian sky. I had seen all the great wealth of power and achievement of this great State go by. From far and near men and women had come with their wonderful moving tableaux, designed to show how man's inventive genius, courage, and patience had here found their typical American expression. I felt sorry for the old-timer. To be sure, he was honored in this endless procession which moved slowly up the great thoroughfare which cuts a broad swath through the city from the Ferry building to the Twin Peaks. I had seen John Marshall in the act of finding the first gold at Coloma. Native sons and daughters had indeed labored to do these pioneers honor. But still, seventy-five years ago they were the whole show; to-day they are no more than a romantic memory.

California still produces more gold than any other State in the Union, but California has long since ceased to look to gold as the source of her wealth. Beneath the giant sky-scrapers of the lower city of San Francisco there lie the ribs and the beams and the iron keels of the abandoned ships, deserted on the mud-flats in the days of the gold rush and destined to form a foundation upon which a great city was to arise—a city which drew its wealth, not from the gold pan up in the mountains, but from millions of acres of the richest land in all the world made to bear fruit abundantly by the enterprise and resource of rancher and engineer, from oil wells and lumber camps, from great machines set in motion by the harnessing of many waters.

It all found typical expression in San Francisco and throughout the State in Diamond Jubilee week. The San Franciscan is not so much given to superlatives as is his brother in Los Angeles, but when it comes to California, he sees the greatest and best everywhere, and no one who knows him can blame him. And so for one glorious week he spent himself in telling himself and his neighbors and all the world how great things the idea that is California, that is America, that is, in the last test, the ideal of Anglo-Saxon thought and hope, had done for him and his. For that is, after all, what it amounts to. California has been a bounteous mother, but she challenges her children at every turn to the attainment of a higher standard. In all this last western movement of our race, which began three centuries ago, no greater barrier to progress was ever interposed than that which lay between the East and the West in the days of the covered wagon. After all the difficulties and dangers attendant on the passage of the Rockies and the great desert places of what is now Utah and Nevada there came the huge amorphous bulk of the Sierra Nevada. Thousands died on those weary marches—died of hardship and toil, starvation and cold. Many of those who rode or walked in the parades through the city or looked on along the route could tell of fathers and mothers who had "crossed the plains." Native sons and daughters there were by the thousands, adopted sons and daughters by the tens of thousands; pioneers there were, just a few—a few old men and old women, riding in queer little Old World Victorias. The cheer that greeted them was perhaps the loudest of them all.

On the great day, Wednesday, September 9, Admission Day, there rode with these pioneers in the great parade many notable people. General Dawes was there in the forefront, and representatives of Great Britain and France and Japan, and of many Powers, even of Germany, followed after. And bands played, and vast crowds reckoned well over half a million cheered and cheered, and waved and waved, and climbed into doorways, and swarmed up lamp-posts, and mounted on fruit-boxes, and teetered on step-ladders, and cheered and cheered and waved again, and then came more bands and more floats and Red Indians and Spanish soldiers and Mexican bull-fighters and cowboys and cowgirls and drums and fifes, and every known tune from "Tea for Two" to "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie." And at night the city and all around was a blaze of light, in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, and thousands flocked to see the famous Arch of Jewels in the Civic Center flashing in ever-changing colored lights; and thousands more climbed the heights of Russian Hill or Nob Hill or Telegraph Hill, or motored out to Twin Peaks, and, like Balaam from the top of Pisgah, looked out over the city and its hosts. And everywhere, even thus far away, the air seemed to be filled with the sound of music or of distant cheering or the undertone of many voices.

It was a strange and vivid experience; but every now and again, amid it all, one came back to earth—or was it to heaven? —and looked up at the silent sky or over the still waters of the great bay or on to the mountains and the everlasting hills, and so to the old-timer and to the beginning of things. And it all seemed so near and yet such worlds away; so much already accomplished, but so much still to do; so much life everlasting, so much world without end, so much—Amen.

But it would need Joaquin Miller's "fitting poet" to tell of it fittingly. It only remains for a humble journalist to record the fact that at California's Diamond Jubilee "a pleasant time was had by all."

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Two Knotty Problems

Correspondence from the League of Nations

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THE thirty-fifth session of the Council of the League of Nations has just opened.

Ten delegates form the Council. Four are the representatives of the Permanent Powers on the League—that is to say, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan. These delegates are, respectively, the tall, austere, and determined-looking Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister; the much shorter and dumpier but very shrewd Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister and many times Prime Minister; the scholarly, intellectual, and detached Senator Scialoja, the eminent Italian law authority; the lynx-eyed and altogether inscrutable Viscount Ishii, shortest of all and well known in America because of his activity there at the time of the Lansing-Ishii Agreement.

Then come the six delegates from the Powers elected every year by the Assembly to representation on the Council. These, this year, are Belgium, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Sweden, and Uruguay. For Belgium appears Paul Hymans, an alert, splitting-hairs kind of person, one of the sprightliest orators in the League; he has represented his country from the beginning, it always having been on the Council. For Brazil we have this year Senhor de Mello-Franco, a quieter personage with a sort of hope-I-don't-intrude air. For Czechoslovakia we see the newest person in the group, Dr. Veverka, representing Dr. Benes, Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, temporarily delayed. For Spain there is the inevitable portly and impressive Señor Quiñones de León, Spanish Ambassador at Paris. For Sweden there is the younger, slighter, and much more thoughtful-looking Dr. Unden, taking the place of the lamented Hjalmar Branting.

M. Briand is presiding. Signor Scialoja is speaking. In clear and precise tones he outlines the mission of the International Aid Union, now popularly known as the U. I. S. (l'Union Internationale de Secours), a noble endeavor, suggested by the Italian Senator Ciraolo, to supplement the Red Cross in helping populations suffering from calamity.

Dr. Unden follows Senator Scialoja, and presents a series of interesting suggestions relative to the abolition of slavery in the hidden places where it still exists.

Other questions follow. The Council refers most of them to the Assembly. This is not "passing the buck." The more diplomatic Council needs the opinion of the larger and more parliamentary body, with its representatives from fifty-five nations, a body to meet here in a few days. Then the subjects come back to the Council, and from its decisions no appeal may be taken.

The Assembly meets once a year; the Council four times, for it regulates the increasing numerous and complicated administrative questions and current affairs. The agenda for its present session comprise twenty-three subjects; for example: gas warfare; opium, slavery; the protection of children, in particular the protection of women and children in the Near East; the protection of minorities in Greece, Turkey, Rumania, Lithuania; the U. I. S., etc.

But there are two items on the agenda occasioning more talk than all the rest put together—Austria and Mosul.

The Plight of Austria

THE question of Austria is more than ever uppermost, now that the Germans are making such a determined effort to add that remnant of the old Dual Empire to their own dominions, and now that many faint-hearted Austrians see economic salvation only in that direction. As is well known, however, success has attended the League's decision of 1922, largely engineered by Lord Balfour and Sir Arthur Salter, to put Austria on her economic feet. This effort involved a foreign loan and radical internal reforms. In the main the Austrian Government, under the sagacious leadership of Chancellor Seipel and now of Chancellor Ramek, has well weathered the storm. But it has involved a lot of internal friction, much of which has come from the mutual jealousy existing between the capital, Vienna, and the provinces; some has also come from racial and mere party feeling. The League appointed two agents, MM. Layton and Rist, to go to Austria to report on the economic situation. To them, as to every one, it is clear that Austria cannot exist economically unless Austria's neighbors and Austria herself let down the protectionist bars. Of course, the solution of the problem depends on no one country in particular, but on all together; it even depends on some of Austria's more distant neighbors. And, of course, no one country feels inclined to lessen its degree of protection until convinced that all the rest will follow suit. This is the problem before the Council—how to convince them? It will be a stiff fight, and when you read these lines the fight is likely to be at its thickest, for it will take weeks to settle the matter even approximately.

How Big is Irak?

THE Mosul affair is more dramatic. When England received a mandate to administer Irak, the Mosul territory at the north of that region and fairly compactly inhabited by Kurds was supposed to be a part of Irak, the old Mesopotamia. But as soon as the new Turkey, especially after having thrashed Greece, began to feel her oats she emphatically said "No" and carried the question into the Conference of Lausanne. That Conference could not solve it, and was relieved when both parties to the discussion let it be understood that they would agree to arbitration by the League of Nations. The League appointed as members of a Commission to proceed to the territory in question a delegate representing the Entente Allies in the person of Colonel Paulis, a Belgian officer of artillery; a delegate representing neutrals in the late war in the person of the Swedish Minister of State, Wirsen; and a delegate representing the Central Powers in the person of Count Teleki, ex-Prime Minister of Hungary, a man of pro-Turanian sympathies.

The Commissioners became convinced of the insuperable practical difficulties of a plebiscite taken among essentially nomad populations, but declared that the populations should not be partitioned. The sentiments of the majority of the inhabitants seemed to favor uniting with Irak the territory south of the provisional line laid down by the League Council last October, showing the limits of the territory which might be occupied by either side until a definite decision was reached. Here, it might be expected, the Commissioners would sum up in favor of Great Britain. Not so. Irak, they say, is in a very unstable condition as compared with Turkey; hence "the territory must remain under the effective mandate of

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the League of Nations for a period which may be put at twenty-five years."

Moreover, "regard must be paid to the desires expressed by the Kurds that officials of Kurdish race should be appointed for the administration of their country, the dispensation of justice, and teaching in the schools, and that Kurdish should be the official language of all these services." Why? Because, as the Commissioners add, if League control were to terminate on the expiry of the four-year treaty, now in force between Great Britain and Irak, and if certain guaranties of local administration were not given to the Kurds, the majority of the people would have preferred Turkish to Arab sovereignty; the Commissioners therefore consider that in such an eventuality it would be more advantageous for the territory to remain under the sovereignty of Turkey.

Finally, from a legal point of view, the Commission rules, disputed territory must be regarded as an integral part of Turkey until that Power renounces her rights; Irak can only advance moral arguments for its possession.

If this report created consternation in Constantinople, it created no less consternation in London, where it was angrily remarked that the Commission was not asked to pronounce on the relative stability of Turkey and Irak. Thus the whole matter is still in the air. Turkey is not going to abandon her claim, and Tewfik Ruchda, Turkish Foreign Minister, is here ready to plead his country's cause. Mr. Amery, British Colonial Minister, is also here to plead that of London. They are accompanied by many counselors and experts. As to popular information on the subject, the Turkish propaganda agents would seem to have supplanted the old pro-German war apologists in presenting press agencies with ready-made copy.

The Taxpayer Wonders

THIS propaganda has made much use of the opinions expressed by certain British journals to the effect that the British taxpayer, burdened more than is any other, cannot be expected "to go on much longer with this Irak business." It seems to him like pouring money into a hole. He has heard that there is a lot of oil in Mosul, but he has not seen it. All he knows is that his money is being used to bolster up a distant and distinctly unsympathetic country. On the other hand, are the British going to abandon the highway to India? Are they even going to accept the responsibility of plunging Irak into the chaos immediately to follow if they abandon their mandate? Yet if the League accepts the Commission's recommendation, Britain must shoulder the responsibility of controlling Irak for a quarter of a century.

But perhaps the Council will not accept. Perhaps it will fly in its face and propose to cut the territory in two. What then?

As with the Austrian affair, so by the time these lines are read the Irak debate may also be at its fiercest. In both cases League prestige has much to gain —or lose.

Important as are these matters, in the opinion of not a few persons, they pale alongside the quiet conversations now being participated in by MM. Chamberlain, Briand, Vandervelde, and others concerning the proposed security pact.

Geneva, September 3, 1925.

The Crisis in the Anglican Church

By P. W. WILSON

THE ancient and apostolic Church of England, with her bishops, priests, and deacons, her cathedrals, schools, and colleges, and her chaplains at Court, in the House of Commons, the navy, the army, and the municipalities—this national Church, by law established and endowed, is to-day drifting slowly but surely from Compromise to Crisis. Clergy and laity are together entering the Valley of Decision.

It was the statecraft of the Tudors that devised the Compromise. Some of us may think it an easy-going arrangement, but within it the High Churchman with his sacraments, the Low Churchman with his sermons, and the Broad Churchman with his science have worshiped together during four centuries, if not always in brotherly agreement, at least in brotherly dissension. It is for the continuance of this fruitful friction of mind with mind—the ritual, the evangelical, and the logical—that the Archbishop of York recently issued a powerful appeal. A threefold strand is not quickly broken, but the strain is none the less severe.

There is a reason for anxiety. After long hesitation, the Church has undertaken a revision of the Prayer-Book in which the Compromise is embodied. Doubtless, this revision is overdue. But none the less it opens up the debates which, under the Compromise, were held in abeyance. Many matters hitherto taken for granted are in the melting-pot. Once disturb a compromise in any particular, and you never can tell how far the disturbance will carry you.

IN this analysis little need be said of the Broad Churchman. The Modernists may be found both in the Catholic and in the Evangelical camps. As Bishop of Birmingham Dr. Gore was High Church. As Bishop of Birmingham Dr. Barnes is Low Church. But both Dr. Gore and Dr. Barnes would agree with Dr. Fosdick over evolution, a theory on which the Vatican itself has retained an open mind. The issue in the Anglican Communion is not scientific but sacerdotal. What is the Church—Catholic or Protestant, or both, or neither? That is the question to be answered.

The assumption has been that the Reformation left England with a Protestant Establishment. The Church not only includes the King but crowns him, and by act of Parliament the King must be—in the words of his accession oath, as revised—"a faithful Protestant."

No establishment could be national which did not comprehend the nation; and the nation became in due course overwhelmingly—in the Roman epithet —"heretical." Typical Churchmen of the old school were King George III, on the one hand, with his abhorrence of Catholic emancipation, and George Washington, on the other, whose manner of worship is indicated by the Episcopal Church at Alexandria. The Church and nation were thus Protestant. Has either become Catholic?

"The inclusive Church"—to quote a current phrase—was never the fact. Inclusion meant conformity, and in every generation there were "dissenters" who broke away from the fold. It is this "dissent" which has upset the balance in the carefully adjusted Episcopacy.

No single Nonconformist body—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, or Congregationalist—can challenge the English Church in numbers or resources, but Nonconformity, taken as a whole, is half the nation, and it is the more Protestant half. The secessions under the Wesleys and Whitefield deprived the Church of a vast volume of Evangelical enthusiasm. The High Church Party might be "dry," but, aroused by Keble's

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famous sermon at Oxford on "National Apostasy," it became dominant. The conversion of Newman and Manning to Rome only delayed for a few years the inevitable advance of the Anglo-Catholics.

It is the positive and concentrated policy that wins. Let us compare two great Churchmen—the late Lord Shaftesbury, an Evangelical, and the now venerable Viscount Halifax, an Anglo-Catholic. It was not for the aggrandizement of the Church that Lord Shaftesbury labored. He worried over foreign missions, over inhumane conditions in mines and factories, and over schools for ragged Arabs of the streets. The Bible Society, which was interdenominational, claimed him, and the Anti-Opium Movement and the sorrows of enslaved aborigines. But consider Lord Halifax. He has stood bravely and honorably for one thing—namely, the capture of the Church for what his critics call "ritualism." He has organized the English Church Union, which consists of pioneers in mediævalism to whom preferment counted for nothing compared with the candle, the cross, and the confessional. Indeed, the zeal of the Anglo-Catholics reconciled them to the poorest parishes. There, with a devotion worthy of Lord Shaftesbury himself, they have labored to improve the health and housing of the people. Many of them to-day are Socialists. It is significant that while 500 of the clergy, many of them Anglo-Catholics, expressed their support of Ramsay MacDonald in writing, the two protagonist laymen of the Evangelicals are Sir Thomas Inskip and Sir Joynson-Hicks, respectively Solicitor-General and Home Secretary in the Government of Stanley Baldwin. The conservative in ecclesiasticism thus acts sometimes as the radical in economics.

It is silently as leaven in a barrel of meal that "the restoration" of the English Church has proceeded. With amazing sacrifice, cathedrals have been founded at Truro in Cornwall and Liverpool. Their design antedates the Reformation. Many existing fabrics were dilapidated, and their preservation swept away the whitewash of Puritanism and revived the glories of Gothic. In stained-glass windows the saints again shone forth. Devout ladies embroidered altar-cloths. And as the surplice displaced the Geneva gown, so was the cope added to the use of the surplice. Turning to the east for the Creed led to bowing at the name of Jesus. Then came numerous genuflexions, the frequent sign of the cross, incense, the invocation of saints, and "Hail Mary," with orders of monks and nuns—all indicating clearly the trend of the times. It is not suggested that these manifestations are general. But they are permitted and increasing. Even where they are forbidden they are not suppressed.

Some of the practices are manifestly illegal, but for the indignant Evangelicals to submit a spiritual issue to a temporal authority, even if it be an ecclesiastical court, was like telling tales out of school. Far more effective was the appeal of the Anglo-Catholics to the sentiment of the Church herself. With the bishops, either sympathetic, lenient, or anxious for peace, the party of ritual has gone on from strength to strength, its energies unchecked. To-day it is the driving force behind the Episcopacy.

This is the atmosphere amid which the revision of the Prayer-Book has been undertaken. In order to secure consent, there has been adopted the same device as that which assisted the revision of the King James Version of the Bible. The old Prayer-Book is not abolished; any one who likes may still use it; but the new Prayer-Book, with services which admit of a thousand or more permutations and combinations, is offered as an alternative. The new Prayer-Book includes a strictly Evangelical liturgy. But it does not exclude the demands of the Anglo-Catholics. The door is held open still wider for an approach to Roman standards. And the statement of the Evangelicals is that, in the future as in the past, any safeguards against such ritual will be ignored by their opponents.

At the moment the big battle is fought over the Eucharist. Is the Lord's Supper or is it not "the mass"? The Anglo-Catholics claim permission to "reserve" the Sacrament. The sacred elements are needed, so they argue, by the sick, who cannot come to church. The reply of the Evangelicals, including Dean Inge, is that reservation of the bread and wine for any purpose will lead to the "adoration" which already is seen in certain English churches. These men contend that the more advanced Anglo-Catholics are acting as a law unto themselves. They are "naked independents" who follow, not the tradition of the whole and undivided apostolic Church, but "Italian" innovations, never known in England even before the Reformation.

It is sometimes said that Britain is fifty years ahead of the United States in her theological thinking. If by this it is meant that Britain is fifty years more distant than the United States from the Middle Ages, the statement is manifestly the reverse of the truth. It is as an appeal to antiquity that the struggle between the Anglo-Catholics and the Evangelicals has been carried on. The determining factor has not been science or criticism, but a certain now famous formula known as the Ornaments Rubric, according to which churches are to be furnished as in the second year of King Edward VI.

Over the question what the altar looked like in the second year of King Edward VI—that is, 1549—ecclesiastics have argued like archæologists. In any event, the Church was then in ceremonial chaos and no standard of conformity could be less certain in its application.

To-day the Ornaments Rubric is rendered obsolete in effect, owing to the successes or excesses of the Anglo-Catholics. The battle is not now between the High Churchman and the Low Churchman alone, but between the moderates and extremists among High Churchmen themselves. And it is not over the Ornaments Rubric that the High Churchmen contend. They want to know what is Canon Law, what the practice of the Eastern or Orthodox Churches, what the decisions of General Councils, and what the later accretions of a separated Papacy. By such searching for "authority" the field for antiquarian dialectics has been indefinitely extended.

In conclusion, one may add two comments. First, the alternative Prayer-Book, even if optional only, will have to be authorized by Parliament—an ordeal which may raise the question whether the Church of England, in her Catholic mood, shall remain the Established Church of the realm. And, secondly, the problem of reunion is affected. What is the reunion desired? Is it reunion with the nonconforming bodies which are Protestant? Or is it reunion with Rome? Between Cardinal Mercier at Malines and an Anglican delegation led by Bishop Gore conversations are again proceeding. But Rome maintains her stiff upper lip. She will not recognize the validity of the orders of bishops, priests, and deacons in the Church of England, and, while she welcomes the Catholic Movement here described, it is in hope, apparently, of individual conversions.

While the weapons of this warfare are thus wordy, the issue is simple. And the question is whether, even in England, the country of unwritten constitutions, it is possible for the Church to offer means of grace which worshipers accept, some in one sense and others in a sense so different as to be almost diametrically opposite. And yet it cannot be denied that the mind of England has been for centuries capable of this gymnastic. The ideal of a Church where belief may flow, first in one direction, then in another direction, is not foreign to the national temperament.

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"K'You!"

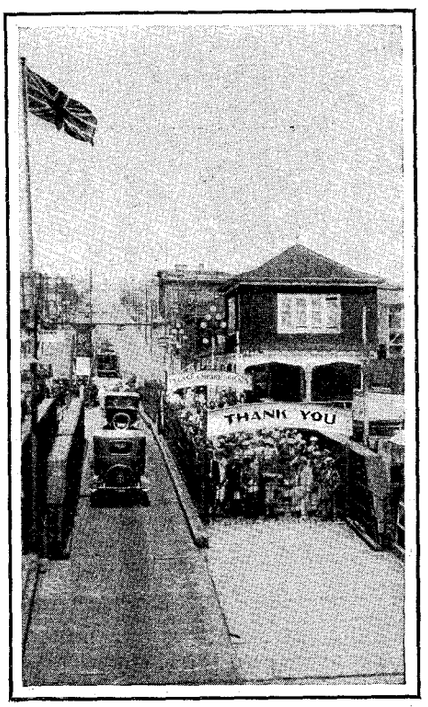
By GEORGE MARVIN

The Pacific ports of British Columbia are both British and Columbian

IT sounds like the implement with which billiards is played or like the rope of black hair which used to hang down the backs of Imperial China —"cue" or "queue." But translated into American it means "Thank you," and it is almost invariably said with a smile or an amiable expression which seems very appropriately to go with the upward inflection of its utterance.

In the American Northwest, a region so smitten with the prodigal benevolence of Providence that it ought to be endemically grateful, only occasionally does any one say "Thank you." They are too busy being busy. When some one occasionally does utter this conventional acknowledgment, it is invariably for tangible benefits or obvious favors received. Too often there is no acknowledgment whatever. Communities swallowed up in selling are not characteristically in the mood either for giving or receiving graciously. The amenities of life have to give place to the methods of putting things over. In the mannerisms of trade the good manners of human relations are submerged if not lost.

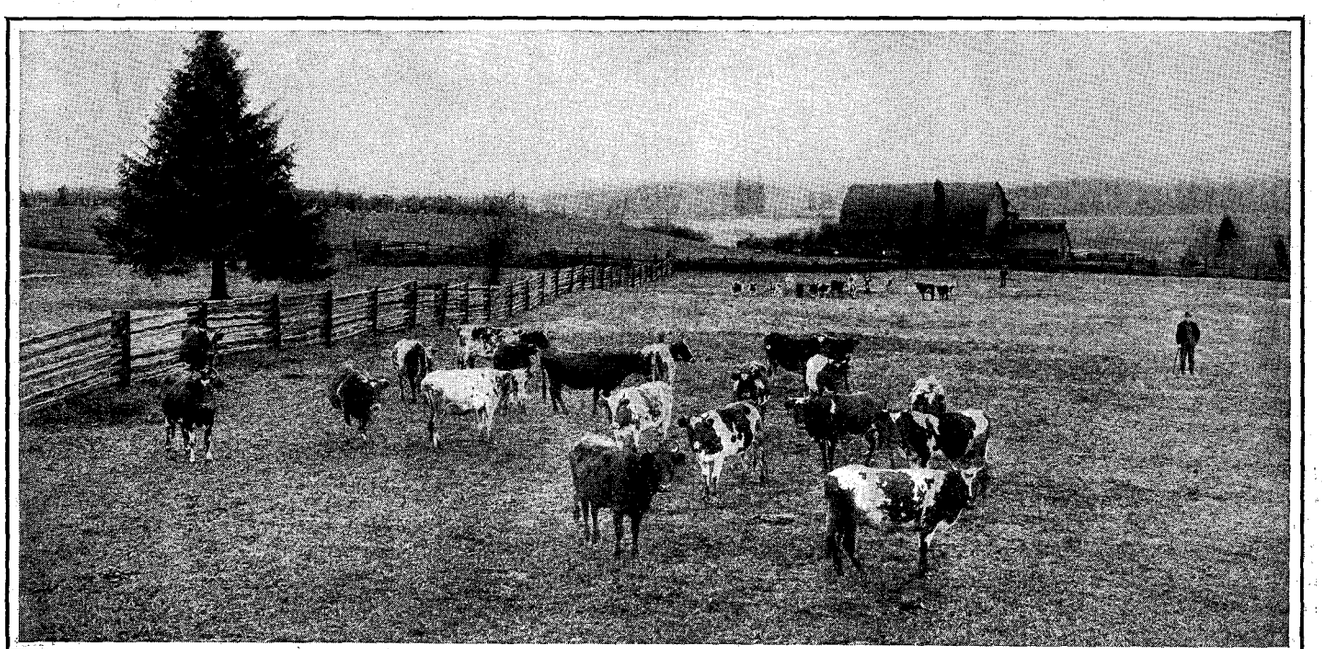
Only an arbitrary surveyor's line, as straight as the edge of a ruler, separates the State of Washington from British Columbia. They share the same geography, the same topography, the same climate. The waters of Puget Sound that float ships into the docks of Seattle also wash the wild shores of Vancouver Harbor and make the Old World port of Victoria. The same evergreen forests continue to aspire through long generations heavenward on British and American territory, and the same snow-crowned Olympic parapets on the west make one international sky-line of supreme beauty.



The voice of Columbia

North of the man-made boundary, however, the beneficence of Providence seems to have sunk into human nature. You are not locked into motor vehicles *en route* nor systematically bandited on release. The mountains are yours for the lifting up of your eyes. You do not have to ingratiate yourself into the favor of sales countesses and sales barons in the shops before you can try to buy something. Instead of backing into fuel stations for peremptory nourishment three times a day, you may breakfast, lunch, dine, have tea, or sup at your ease and with the kindly thoughts which, time out of mind—put it biologically, if on no higher ground—have been intended to aid digestion and maintain good temper. And wherever you go, whatever you buy or cannot afford to buy, however you decide, the British Columbians—mid-Victorianly in Victoria, more brusquely in Vancouver—invariably chirp "K'you!"

When the waitress lays your luncheon check upside down on the table, she smilingly anticipates payment with her "K'you!" When you leave the Hudson Bay Stores, heroically resolving to pass up that good buy, the salesman, who has spent ten minutes entertaining you with sound reasons for purchasing, conceals whatever chagrin he may feel and, like the good sportsman he is, speeds you on your way with his good-natured



Dairy farming in British Columbia. The farther north you go, the colder it does *not* get

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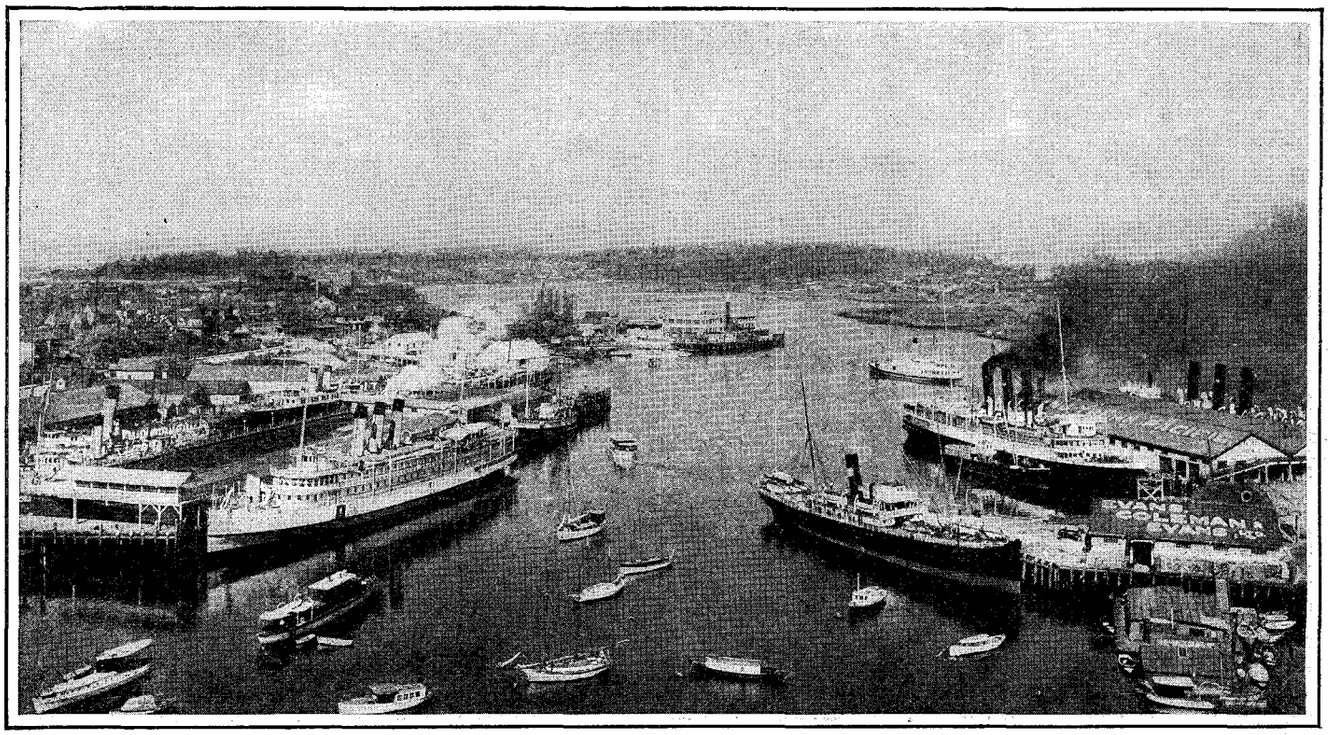

The Harbor of Victoria, British Columbia, a delight to the eye and a challenge to seamanship. The steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway are built with "camber" keels, permitting them to be turned about like nimble polo ponies

"K'you!" The bell-hop at the Lodge, after depositing luggage, opening windows, and readjusting the key on the inside of the door, departs tipless for the regions below, his valedictory "K'you!" floating back from the hall. After filling your eyes with the brave kingdoms of British Columbia and your lungs with the ozone of virgin forests from the roof-garden top of the Vancouver Hotel, whither the whole world untaxed may repair at its pleasure, you drop back down the fifteen stories of altitude to the musical accompaniment of the elevator lassie's "K'you!" "K'you!" says his Worship the Mayor on exchanging cards; "K'you!" says the sweating steward as he grabs six bags, hat-boxes, and typewriters to lug ashore from the Canadian Pacific Princess Marguerite; and "K'you!" says the Victorian "bobby," with a helmet-strap bobbing under his nether lip, as he reorients you in a friendly alien land. On the ferry slip at North Vancouver, the residential district just across Burrard Inlet, two large signs greet commuters and visitors as they come and go every twenty minutes all day long. On one sign is written, "Please embark briskly." And on the other, "THANK YOU."

That's Vancouver, and that's Victoria, and that's British Columbia, as nearly as you can hit it off in two syllables.

Victoria, aloof on Vancouver Island, is the provincial capital, with noble Parliament buildings, an ivy-covered semi-official hotel that is truly an "Empress" in appearance and quiet manners, and a restful detachment, an Old World peace, that the younger generation with American enterprise are doing their best to overwhelm. Vancouver is the metropolis, four times larger in population than Victoria and less than half her age, an upstart hoyden of a city, born in the fir woods of the mainland less than forty years ago, and already competing for port supremacy on the Pacific coast. The attitude of the two municipalities towards each other is amusing to an outsider. It is as human and as evident as the attitude of one generation towards another.

The statue of Queen Victoria, who was most truly of British sovereigns "Defender of the Faith," standing in front of the British Columbian Parliament Buildings and surrounded by smooth-shaven English lawns and decorous flower-beds, is less symbolical of empire than of the solid qualities in English character. The statue breathes respectability and calm and the quaint charm that goes with such old-fashioned traits, as the whiff of lavender comes from long unopened chests of drawers in ancient attics. Victoria, British Columbia, is named for that old good Queen, under whose kindly and bromidic reign the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843 first established a fort and trading post on its present site. And the community remains to-day in character exactly like its royal namesake—or rather, it would so remain if only they would let it alone.

Mighty few places in North America to-day enjoy any peace of mind or spirit. Victoria is such a place. And the rest of America—probably a very appreciable part of it, if the truth, like murder, will out—from the Caribbean to Hudson's Bay and from Coney Island to Catalina, bejaded and bejazzed, be-Rotaried and beradioed, bemovied and bemotorized, would fain keep at least one or two places as Victoria still is. The Victorians have a Publicity Bureau that thirsts, as all such institutions do, for tourists and conventions; they run Juggernaut sight-seeing wagons, full of stolid rubber-neckers packed in cheek by jowl and brayed at through megaphones by personal conductors; they are constantly exposed to the contagious "Best and Biggest" plague that is sweeping all American cities; they have recently suffered an outbreak of the Festival-Pageant-Carnival epidemic, the bacillus of which came from the New Orleans Mardi-Gras; and the progressive (*sic*) element are trying their level Canadian best to sell the rest of the community on American neursasthenia.

So far they haven't been able to do it. Victoria is still Victorian, a community of "high, blue afternoons," of tea in walled gardens, of bells at evening. Victorians going in and out of the Public Library or the post office stand together in naïve groups conversing in even tones; on the Oak Bay golf-links you might be at St. Andrews, and on the lakes and streams of Victoria's island kingdom you can still, with Izaak Walton, "Praise God, be quiet, and goe a' fysshynge." On the first evening of the "Crystal Garden Carnival," in July, the young Queen Faith, chosen for her grace and pulchritude, began the ceremonies by placing a

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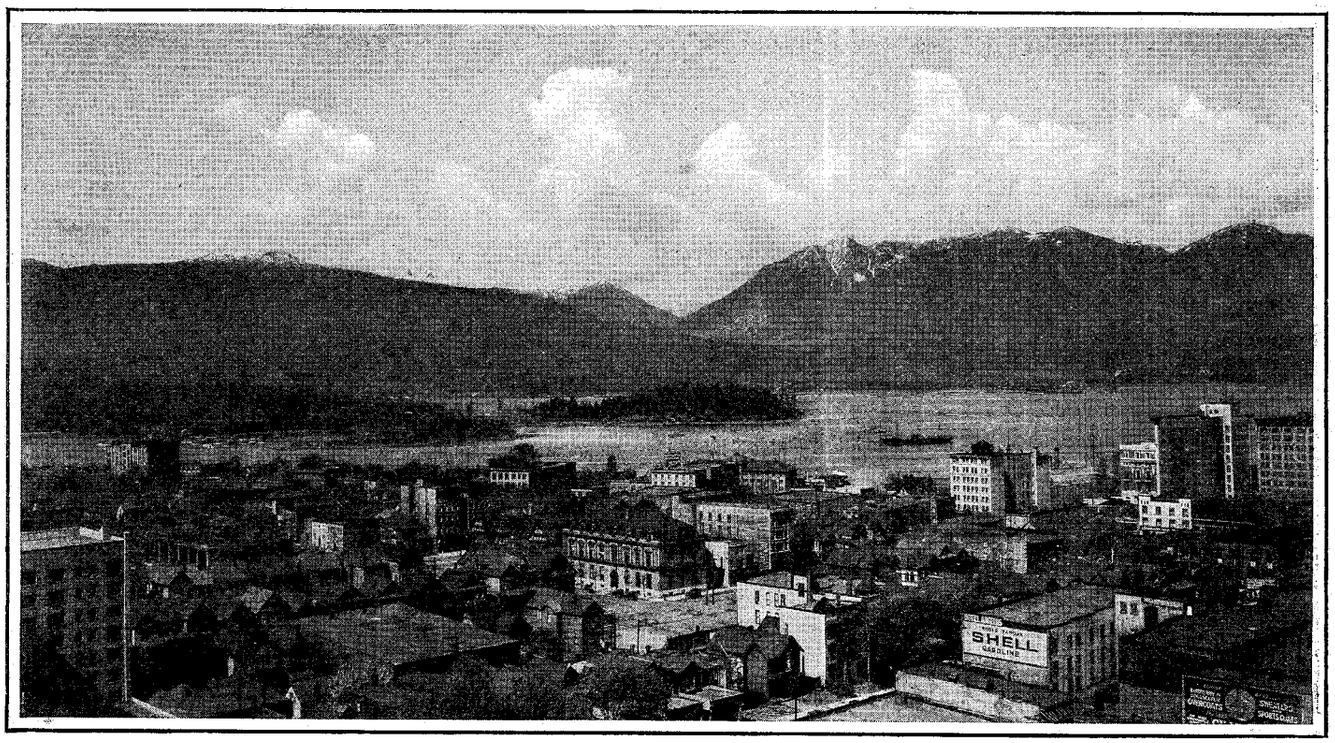

Here Vancouver sits among her hills. The two snow-capped "lions" presiding over her destiny may be seen peering over the mountains at the left

wreath at the foot of Queen Victoria's statue. As she knelt there in her royal carnival robes, with her moving-picture maids of honor and her retainers about her and the hushed thousands looking on, the whole tableau seemed a becoming gesture of tribute by the insistent superficial to something abidingly substantial.

Like a grandame of our mothers' generation, with her long skirts sweeping the ground, Victoria regards with mingled consternation and disapproval the hardy, go-ahead, short-skirted flapper that is Vancouver. And Vancouver laughs in her elderly kinswoman's face, kilts her skirt up to her knee, and keeps right on progressing. Victoria may be a little pompous; Vancouver, so her own citizens aver, is the "most American city in Canada." But both are very loyally in British Columbia and both have abundant reasons for saying "Thank you."

On the Fourth of July Vancouver was an American city right enough. On that day, and the day before, the Pacific Highway, the international boulevard that unites British Columbia with Washington, Oregon, and California, was congested for six miles south of the border with automobile traffic lined up to clear the perfunctory customs requirements. Almost as many American flags as British were flying in Vancouver, and only three days before the city had celebrated Canadian independence on Dominion Day. Grand weather, the hand of the wind stirring the bunting, the breath of the wind laden with spruce and fir, and good will fairly sticking out of the crowds made up of people of the same race and speech, finding more cause for fellowship than apprehension in their allegiance to the two flags flying together overhead.

All summer long by ever-increasing thousands the American invasion of holiday makers, of investors and buyers, and even of colonists, comes over the border. In all but the "k'you" the people from the two sides of the line are in the mass indistinguishable. They wear precisely the same kinds of clothes and swarm together whole-heartedly after the "Joneses" in the vital concerns of what "they are wearing" or "doing." The Hudson's Bay Stores are Wanamakers; the monumental, and very individual, Vancouver Hotel is a less mechanical, less standardized Biltmore or Fairmount or Blackstone. It is all municipally very much in key with the American Northwest except for the affability already noticed and except for the mild exhilaration due to the absence of Volsteadism and all other functions of governmental regulation of individual life. This is undoubtedly in the air you breathe as distinctly as the spruce and the balsam, and the roses that grow almost as thickly here as they do in Portland, the City of Roses.

The army corps of American invaders make up one very tangible reason for the British Columbian "k'you" frame of mind. They spend a lot of money as freely as only United States Americans will and can. Their coming is a tangible enough asset to be mutually appreciated and vigorously exploited in a joint advertising pool in which the three high-power tourist localities of Washington, Oregon, and southern California are identified with Victoria and Vancouver under the business-firm name of the Pacific Northwest Tourist Association. In the more immediate locality of Puget Sound even closer associations in joint enterprises bind together in a kind of trade, tourist, sport, and transportation *Verein* the clustered maritime cities of Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, Vancouver, and Victoria. In this respect Pacific Northwest Canada differs noticeably in frame of mind from the eastern provinces. Toronto feels that Rochester and Buffalo commercially and socially are in another world. Harding's last public address, delivered in Stanley Park, Vancouver, fell upon ears that were in many respects as truly "American" as those of his fellow-citizens south of the border. The echoes of that happy valedictory—*moriturus te saluto*—discarding annexation for permanent association, are still heard. Near the spot of its utterance the Kiwanis International is erecting a monument in memory of the dead President. Mentally, and in some respects spiritually, the border-line is more of a merger than a barrier.

Another excellent foundation for a thankful frame of mind in the two Pacific ports of British Columbia is at the same time an operative cause of concern and readjustment in the Canadian provinces and the United States to the inter-economic Northwest. The traditional *Drang nach Osten* that for two generations has sucked the bulk of the raw produce of the American grain-producing

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areas eastward to the Atlantic seaboard is ebbing and the flood tide of transportation setting in strong towards the adolescent ports of the Pacific. The big boom in shipping due to the war, the realization of new markets in the Orient and Latin America, and, above all, the waking up of long-haul shippers to the advantages of the Panama Canal are bringing about something like an economic revolution in Alberta and Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and the Northwest States. The effect of the change is felt severely as far east as Winnipeg and Duluth. Practically all of Alberta's grain and cattle move west now over the grades of the Rockies by the Canadian Pacific or the Canadian National. Old distributing centers, upset by the change, are beginning to turn to manufacturing industries, and in the inevitable readjustment several communities are weathering some comparatively hard—but eventually healthy—times.

In 1924 Vancouver shipped 55,873,788 bushels of wheat and 936,033 barrels of Canadian-milled flour, mostly to the United Kingdom and the Orient. Shipments of that size and character have called into existence during the same period a gross shipping tonnage of 14,473,518, over a million tons in excess of the figures for 1923! A chorus of pile-drivers, concrete-mixers, and steel-riveters, building millions of dollars' worth of docks, elevators, and warehouses, advertise the growing port more impressively than the printed or the spoken proud words of Boards of Trade and Publicity Bureaus. These and other factors in the hearty commercial and economic thriving of British Columbia—no mention of mines and lumber, fisheries and agriculture—provide an adequate justification in fact for a grateful state of mind. But it is the conviction of one uncommercial traveler that, even without these material evidences of a beneficent Providence, Vancouver and Victoria would go right on saying "K'you!" just the same.

Southeastern Europe in Resurgence

By Louis E. Van Norman

WE who have been fortunate enough to grow up in the United States sometimes seem to have short memories. It took the new American democracy—on the whole, a rather homogeneous unit and with a high moral background—some thirteen years after its Declaration of Independence to adopt a Constitution, and one point of difference over that famous instrument was not settled without blood and tears for more than half a century. We are apt to forget this in criticising the Europe of to-day.

It is now a little more than six years since the Armistice put an end to the "official" fighting of the Great War. That is not very long. But time has already begun to show its curative power, and this power has induced the changed mental attitude necessary for Europe's healing.

The Hard School of Bolshevism

WEALTH, the wherewithal to secure things materially desirable and the opportunity to pursue intellectual ambitions, has always been the product of brains.

Conversely, labor is productive only as it is guided by intelligence.

This is the lesson which the people of eastern Europe are learning from the extraordinary events which have taken place during the past six years in what was formerly known as Russia. It has been a hard lesson to learn. The evidence, however, is all to the effect that it is being learned, from Finland to Turkey, all along the frontier of Soviet territory, from the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Black Seas. It would seem that even the Russian masses themselves have begun to sense it dimly.

We who have watched the working of the Bolshevik experiment in Soviet Russia from near by have had no illusions as to its meaning. No amount of horror at the old régime, no honest sympathy with the efforts of a real people's republic, have blinded us to the facts. Workers, without skilled direction, do not create wealth. They do not even preserve it. The new extreme radicalism as exemplified in Russia was hailed as a paradise in practice, first of all, for the industrial workers. But let us face realities. If every industrial establishment in the United States from, let us say, the United States Steel Corporation down to the smallest home factory on any side street in any American city, should pass overnight from the experienced management which had made its successful operation possible under the control of the hired hands themselves, if the employees chosen for direction were selected not by virtue of their skill or fitness for the task before them but because of their loyalty to the political party in power, if the motto "Workers of the World, Unite," meant (as it has meant in Russia) "unite" for anything but work, we should begin to have an idea of what Bolshevism has done industrially for the Russian people. This the Russian folk themselves have begun to understand.

An indirect effort to do the same thing took place in Italy, but the Italian workman himself saw the light. There have been hankerings after this extraordinary negation of progress in other European countries, but not for long. The fever in the Balkans has probably quite passed, although Bulgaria even now occasionally has a new spell.

The leaders who are at the front in these countries are more practical men than formerly, more rational. They are no longer the emotional leaders of early post-war days, warped by years of brooding over ancient wrongs.

The Peasants' New Leaders

EXTRAORDINARILY interesting it is to watch the sure, if slow, peasant mentality of southeastern Europe as it awakes to the necessity for leadership, for intelligent direction and guidance in matters that affect its own welfare. The peasant in these countries has now learned that the larger land holdings and the freedom to roam where he will have not brought the salvation of which he dreamed. A new line of thought and action is necessary. Not more land, but better cultivation of the land already in his hands—that is the pressing need. In short, what he must have is not extension, but intensification of his economic situation. He must have intelligent leadership, brains.

He is still very suspicious of the townsman, for he believes that this city dweller is living at his—the landsman's—expense. But the land worker himself is gradually increasing his wants. He is becoming a consumer of many things which in former years he never thought of or, perhaps, even never knew existed.

Perhaps as yet sufficient stress has not been laid upon the meaning of the plight of the hundred million human beings and their wants and aims in the new countries growing out of the war, those lands through which the Danube flows.

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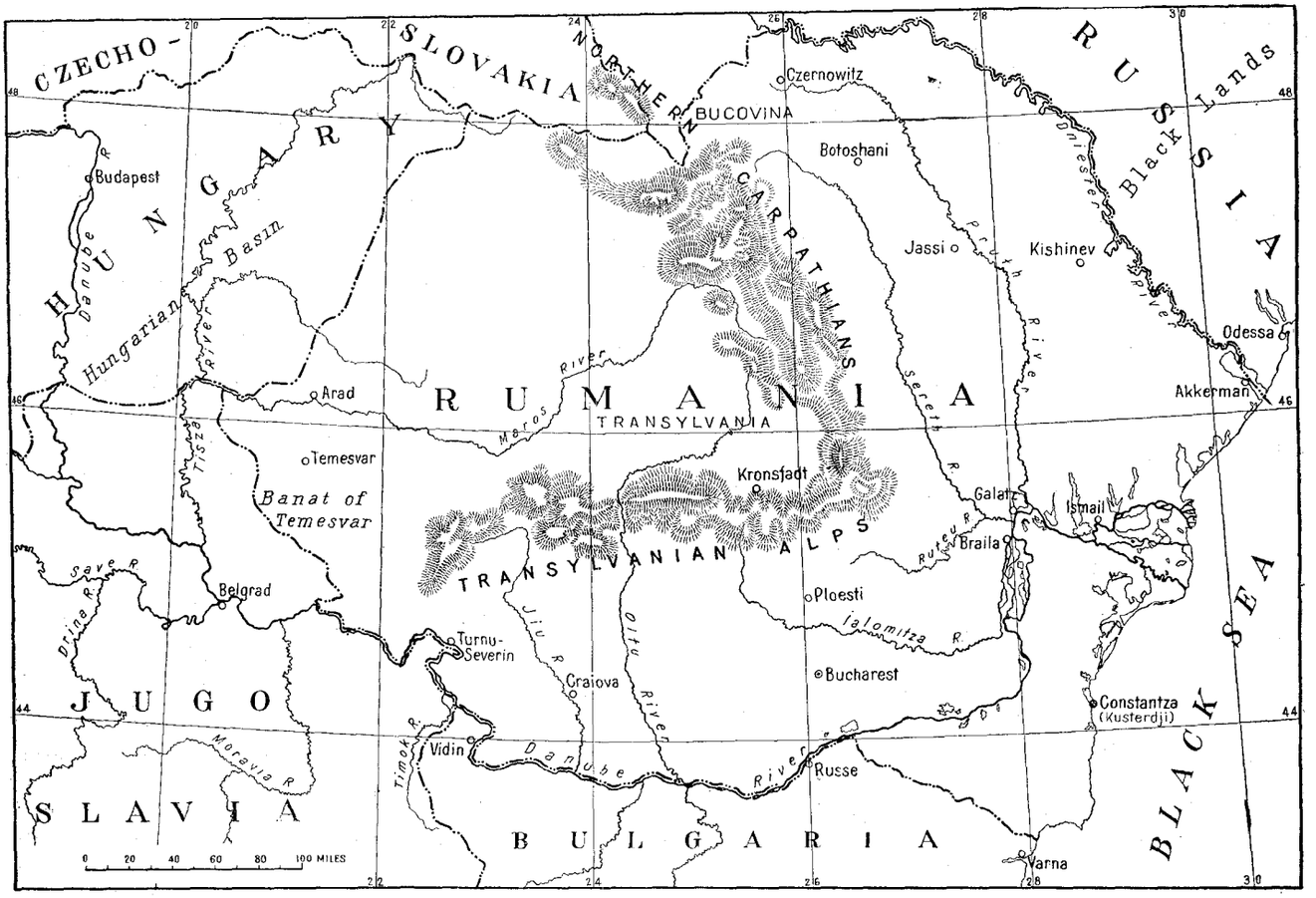

The scene of resurgence

Down to the time of the war this territory (with Russia) was the granary of Europe. In normal times both Poland and Rumania could feed their populations and still have a surplus for export. Moreover, the non-food-producing and densely populated industrial areas of Germany and Austria are so close at hand that there never should be any lack of a market. Realizing this, even the most radical advocates of these agrarian reforms have always insisted that changes in landownership be effected with a view to increasing, not diminishing, production.

Even when these countries "come back" with agricultural production into the markets of the world on the old scale—as they most certainly will in the not far distant future—the effect of their competition as food producers on the industrial countries will most assuredly be lessened by their stimulated, increased consumption of manufactured goods.

Even the problem of finance, that black beast of all post-war periods since history began, is gradually losing its terrors. Americans are accustomed to blame the Finance Ministers of Europe because they do not pay their debts, cut expenditures, disband their armies, tax more heavily, and "balance their budgets." Those of us who at close range have watched the struggles of the governments of the eastern half of the Continent to follow out these praiseworthy injunctions realize that up to the present their failure has not been wholly due to lack of either earnest desire or honest effort. The reason for failure is to be found very largely in a combination of conditions—economic, political, financial, social—utterly beyond the power of these governments to overcome without outside assistance.

The Finance Ministers of these new nations are not stupid. Many of them are more than ordinarily intelligent and capable men. They realize only too well the magnitude of the task before them, and are putting forth Herculean efforts to accomplish it. More. They *are* accomplishing it, slowly, with many mistakes and (it must be admitted) a good deal of apparently unnecessary interference with the workings of sound economic laws, but in the end achieving. It is being perceived that the time and energy heretofore spent in fighting the other fellow might be utilized much more profitably in co-operating with him for mutual advantage.

The "Island" of Rumania

HERE in Rumania the writer, who knows this land and its people better than he knows the other lands of this part of the world, finds exemplified in broad general lines what he has just attempted to set forth.

The old Rumania was, generally speaking, the alluvial valley of the Danube—a western extension, as it were, of the famous "Black Lands" of Russia. The new Rumania is bisected by the Carpathians, or Transylvanian Alps, which form the southern rim of what used to be known as the Hungarian basin, one of nature's most bountiful granaries.

One eminent Rumanian historian and author (perhaps humorously) has claimed that Rumania is an island, bounded on all sides by water—the rivers Dniester, Tisza, and Danube, and the Black Sea. The political boundary on the west does not actually coincide with the Tisza, but the comparison is not a wholly misleading one.

The historians tell us that at the time the Romans arrived the land which is now Rumania was inhabited by a people exclusively pastoral, and that later these herdsmen were driven into the mountains by the succeeding wave of barbarians from the East. Bucur, the shepherd, who—according to tradition—gave his name to Bucharest, was a typical Rumanian of the country's infant days.

As time went on, Rumania became more and more agricultural, interested

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chiefly in cereals. When the Great War broke out, the old Rumania was so predominantly agricultural that nearly nine-tenths of its population were engaged in growing grain. So generous had nature been that the Rumanians could live on a forty per cent crop and send sixty per cent abroad for sale.

The natural economic evolution of the human race is working out in Rumania—from herdsman to farmer, from farmer to industrialist. With the acquisition of Transylvania and the Banat of Temesvar, the negligible industrial capacity of the old Rumania was very considerably increased. To the oil, lumber, and salt riches of the old Kingdom were added the metallurgical and textile resources and equipment of Transylvania and Bukowina. There are in these new provinces coal and iron in fairly close proximity to each other. There is in the mountains a considerable amount of undeveloped water power. These facts, considered in relation to the large supplies of oil and gas, indicate attractive future possibilities for industry.

Down to 1867 the Rumanian peasant—practically a serf and chained to the soil—could not move freely enough to work in a factory. The early days of industry in Rumania furnish material for romance. Sixty years ago, for example (as one of the oldest inhabitants tells the writer), there were in the country only three factories—one for making tallow candles, one distillery, and one flour mill. Then it was the custom for the merchants of Bucharest to make semi-annual trips to western or central western Europe for their goods. It was their custom—a party of six or eight of them—to start out from Galatz, Braila, or Bucharest in a *carutza* (somewhat like the old time "diligence"), which they bought outright, and journey for eight days to Brasov (then Kronstadt in Hungary), where there was railroad connection. There they usually sold the *carutza*, and when they returned they bought another for the journey to Bucharest. It is significant to note the fact that at least a proportion—and a growing proportion—of the goods these merchants journeyed abroad to purchase at that time is now being made in the new Rumania.

In the face of enormous difficulties and discouragements, the transportation systems of the country, both land and water, are adjusting themselves to the needs of the Rumanian people. The routes of trade are slowly changing. Many of the products of Transylvanian mills—notably timber—which formerly flowed along the old Hungarian railroad lines to Budapest and reached the sea at Trieste and Fiume, are now refinding themselves as Rumanian and going eastward, instead of westward, to their logical seaboard outlets at Galatz, Braila, and Constantza.

A Cap of Fleece in the Moonlight

THE writer's introduction to the pastoral age in Rumania and the Rumanian peasant's respect for forcible leadership was in March, 1919, and this age was symbolized by one of the Rumanian *caciulas* (*chapeau de mouton*) or sheepskin caps which, in the picturesque descriptive phraseology of my Irish secretary, resembles nothing so much as a bouquet of cold-slaw.

We reached Rumanian soil by a boat journey down the Danube from Belgrade to Turnu-Severin. We carried with us letters from Premier Ioan Bratianu (whom I had met in Paris) to his brother Vintila, then a private citizen, now Minister of Finance.

It was a perfectly gorgeous moonlight Sunday night at nine o'clock when the panting, laboring boat drew up at the wharf of Turnu-Severin. We were the only passengers for the stop, and were whisked off the boat in what seemed a second. Almost before we knew what had happened we were on the dock with our luggage—three trunks and a boxed typewriter—and we could see the boat gliding away across the river in that exquisite moonlight.

We looked up at the gently rising shore where the town began. It was like a scene out of grand opera—the marble-columned custom-house, the snow-white residences stretching up the hill, and the boat slipping across the river in that soft light. No human being was in sight. It was beautiful but weird.

Then suddenly, as though out of the earth at my feet, arose a strange form with a high Rumanian cap of fleece. With a cruelly long and needlelike bayonet leveled at my chest, this being jabbered at me in an unknown tongue. I hastened to assure him politely but firmly that I was not the guilty one. Then another form, also surmounted by a cold-slaw cap, came up out of the ground, with a stiletto it seemed. Then another, and still another, until we were surrounded by a dozen or more of the most tatterdemalion banditti that ever wrecked a train or scuttled a ship. Bayonets, knives, poniards, ancient rifles—they were armed, almost literally, to the teeth. Hostility in suspense was their attitude towards us.

My secretary flew off to find some one who could speak some language we knew. He returned in a few moments—it seemed hours to me—with a polite customs official, who questioned us in French as to our business and credentials. American passports (properly viséd) evidently did not suffice to allay suspicions at that time and place.

My letters from Bratianu—"happy thought"! After reading them, the customs man, addressing the semicircle of motley soldiery, informed them (so I learned afterward) that we were friends of Rumania, that the great Bratianu in Paris vouched for us, that they must show us every consideration, and that if they even demanded backsheesh from us woe betide them!

The effect of this harangue was magical. Benignity replaced belligerency on the faces of the pirate crew. Somehow, from somewhere, they produced two *trasuras* (Rumanian carriages), assisted us to get in one and put our luggage in the other, and, accepting nothing except a few cigarettes, transported us up the hill in a manner that might have befitted old Trajan himself. The cabman even declined any fee. It was all but a Roman triumph.

At the hotel the proprietor gravely informed us that the Rumanian masses always trust leaders "who can think." The great Bratianu was thinking for them in Paris, and they respected any one he recommended.

Linking up the Balkans

DIFFICULT as it may be to believe, while the newspapers are still spilling oceans of ink in telling us of the wrongs, injustices, prejudices, and paganism of the war-torn old Continent lands, it is nevertheless a fact that the conviction is slowly forcing itself upon the European mind that national safety does not depend upon the suppression, or oppression, of others, and that national welfare can be built up with some regard for the welfare of one's neighbors.

Political and economic conditions in Europe are as yet far from what was hoped for or justifiably might have been hoped for six years after the close of the war. Measured by the point to which they are tending, these countries east of Vienna have not gone very far. Judged, however, by the distance they have covered since the starting-point, they have made—if one is to be quite fair and scientific—some really remarkable progress.

In most of these new states growing out of the war, in the new economic as well as in the new political units, there were problems most intricate and irritating growing out of different business practices, differing codes of laws, different social, political, and economic ideas, railroad systems built on different plans and with different aims, and many other widely conflicting social, political, and economic conceptions. In all these re-

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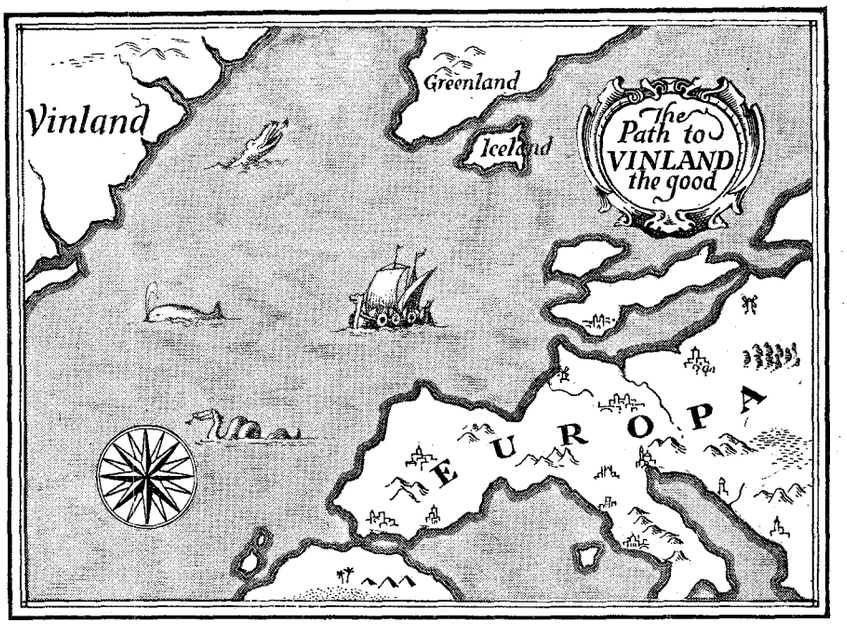
spects there has been considerable improvement. There is not quite so much nationalistic sputtering at the frontier lines as there was six years ago. The passport and customs examination nuisances still continue, but have been somewhat softened. Telephone connection is now in working order between the principal capitals of southeastern Europe and tariff tangles are being smoothed out. Direct through trains are increasing in number, and aviation is linking up the Balkans with the West.

A Dawes Plan for Every Nation

THERE are still millions of Europeans who firmly believe that no salvation can come for their muddled and prostrate Continent except from America. This belief is just as firmly shared by many Americans. Rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, a very large section of mankind believes that America must and will "save" Europe. Europe, however, is beginning to realize that she must do something for herself, and that it is not by corruptible things, such as silver and gold, that she can be redeemed. As an English writer recently put it: "It is her hatreds, her prejudices, her petty pride, her paganism, and her infantile sense of geography that she must surrender. When she repents, she will be saved, and not until then."

The Dawes Plan, the first expression of American active, practical participation in the "saving" of Europe, has aided Europe a good deal along this line. Psychologically, the older Continent was in a bad way until this plan was put into operation. Now, not only is there an actual Dawes Plan at work between Germany and her former enemies on the field of battle, but every little new nation of the Continent is working for a Dawes Plan of its own.

The stabilization of the European economic situation will not only result in a revival of world trade (which in itself cannot fail to be of interest to Americans), but it will settle the economic mind of the older Continent—and that is what the older Continent needs. In the long run, political and economic stability in Europe, reinforced by this more rational state of mind which has already begun to show itself, will bring with it a rise in thinking and living standards all over the world, and this will make for peace and normal intercourse, and thereby for the restoration of a demand on our national productive capacity upon which millions of our American people depend for material prosperity. The new peace and international intercourse, finally, will be a more intelligent peace and intercourse than formerly. The world has been through the fire.



Vinland was forgotten when Columbus "discovered the New World"

West—West to Iceland—West to Greenland—West to Frisland—to Vinland, with its gentle clime, its grapes, its fertile soil! Such was the path of the Vikings to America and New England five hundred years before Columbus touched San Salvador. When these settlements disappeared, Vinland became forgotten—became a myth like Atlantis.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Comedy and Melodrama

Novels Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

"DOODAB"[1] is a brilliant young study of pathetic middle age. Poor dear Henry Doodab is the well-known fellow of brilliant (if vague) possibilities and of dull certitudes. Our industrial system has snared him and our institution of marriage has bound him hand and foot. His wife is a busy fool. His daughter is beyond his comprehension. They talk, however, like two books by the same author. When he says to his daughter (apropos of her complacently acknowledged unchastity), "One morally judges an action by the intent, not the result," Luella responds: "My dear Dab, such antiquated ethics. Why, your great-grandfather probably listened at his mother's bustle to the adage about hell's pavements, which, if I am not mistaken, your favorite William James brought up to date and made fashionable under the name of pragmatism."

Doodab's only satisfying experience is in a fantastic world of dream, a sort of parti-colored monkey paradise where his subconscious or subliminal self (I suppose) has no end of rather maudlin fun. Well, Doodab loses his job, leaves home, and tries to "be himself," and failing, leaps at a freight engine which he imagines to be a creature of the monster of his private jungle; and that is the end of Doodab. Pathos, or bathos, of the human misfit.

"Peter Vacuum"[2] is a young study of youth which, for an agreeable change, keeps to the plane of romantic comedy. These young people are foolish but not loathsome; and this I suspect to be a fairly normal situation, current literature to the contrary. Anthony Gibbs (son of Sir Philip) endears himself to us in this first novel by believing in us—that is, in the inherent decency of the human nature which is our one common and inalienable possession. Not much can be said for the Earl of the piece, but we all know what an earl is. The rest of these amusing companions grow steadily on us from the beginning, even Lord Bertie, who is unpromising enough to start with, in all conscience. What looks like undergraduate farce turns into a pleasant romantic comedy, with a salutary undercurrent of satire upon Anglo-British relations. The young American millionaire who seems such an easy mark at Oxford is given his full innings before the game is over. An agreeable performance, witty and kind.

A lighter and more rollicking bit of British comedy is "Mischief,"[3] by Ben Travers, the new English humorist whom William McFee discovered for us not long ago. This is much the best of his four novels. The fun is mellower and the action more spontaneous, and we are too much amused all round to keep thinking, "Well, this man *is* being funny!" Be it frankly admitted that the humor is of the broad "Charley's Aunt" style, with a plenitude or even plethora of improper situations; the fact remains that there is nothing in it to shock this well-cooked generation of novel readers and theater-goers. The performance may be vulgar, but you don't snigger over it; you laugh from the bottom of your diaphragm—if your constitution happens to be robust enough to relish the performance at all. Remember, delicate reader, that your grandmother used to cry with laughter over "Josiah Allen's Wife."

"Bindon Parva,"[4] by George A. Birmingham. We open the book with joy, looking for some new piece of spoofing by the irrepressible Canon. Not this time. The dedicatory letter to the author's wife at once prepares us for something different from this well-known hand. Canon Hannay has attempted that most difficult feat for an accepted humorist—a serious book. Jerome Jerome never got away from "Three Men in a Boat." Mark Twain's later melancholy was lost upon his twinkling audience. The present dedication has to be in some sense an apology. "Very likely I shall lose my friends by offering them these stories. Those who used to like to laugh with me will be disappointed; and very solemn people will not be able to shake off the contempt they have always felt for me. So it seems likely that no one will read these stories —except you."

He was wrong. The book proved popular in England, and this edition contains a sober preface to American readers. Here the main theme of the book is defined as "the influence of emotion on inanimate things and the survival of passion after its agonists have passed away." These stories, in short, deal with an old church which is more or less tangibly haunted for one person, the incumbent priest, with the presences and memories of his predecessors. (A similar theme has just been treated in that striking first novel "The Rector of Maliseet," by Leslie Reid.)

Lovers of the fiction of romantic and exotic adventure know what to expect of Henry Milner Rideout. He began as a realist, and a mighty good one, in the days when Howells set the standard for American practitioners. You had to know how to write then, and Mr. Rideout didn't forget the art in turning definitely (I still wonder why) to romance. "Dulcarnon"[5] is one of his best adventures in the fairyland of the Orient, which still has plenty of romantic glamour and more tangible loot for those who can find. One thing, rather refreshing, I note about this action; there isn't a woman in it, really in it, from first to last. A man's yarn, sufficient to itself, with its feats of mind and muscle, its disguises and ciphers and ancient palaces and hidden treasure; this last the treasure of the Great Alexander, no less! *"Ek rupia sub-log ki wasti,"* as the fellow says on page 75.

"Mellowing Money,"[6] by Francis Lynde, is a readable story with too good a moral. At least the moral, or idea, is too insistent. The author keeps rubbing in his grand truth; to wit, that while sudden wealth is supposed to ruin a man, it may sometimes work the other way. The man of this tale is a sad case—a youth of breeding and talent who goes to pieces after the war and becomes a typical hobo. Chance strands him in his native town, where fate picks up the pieces of him and begins to build them together—with the aid of a girl, of course. The romantic-didactic kind of thing, for whomever it may concern.

I am disappointed and puzzled by "The Kenworthys."[7] The author, Margaret Wilson, wrote "The Able Mc-

[1] Doodab. By Harold A. Loeb. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.
[2] Peter Vacuum. By Anthony Gibbs. Lincoln MacVeagh, New York. $2.
[3] Mischief. By Ben Travers. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.
[4] Bindon Parva. By George A. Birmingham. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.
[5] Dulcarnon. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.
[6] Mellowing Money. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.
[7] The Kenworthys. By Margaret Wilson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

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Laughlins," which won, and deserved to win, a prize from "Harper's" a year or two ago. That seemed to me a book of dignity and substance. "The Kenworthys" is thin and hectic and long-drawn-out; equally sentimental and disagreeable; there is nothing much worse than that in a novel. It is like being ogled by a cross-eyed female.

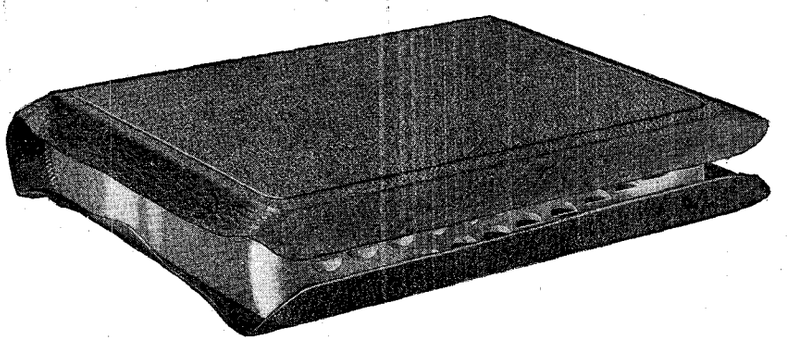
Biography

EDWARD EVERETT: ORATOR AND STATESMAN. By Paul Revere Frothingham. With Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

Edward Everett expected that his biography would be written. For forty years his journals were kept with an eye to the future; the opinion of posterity was an important consideration with him. His sons, who did see to the completion of his published "Orations and Speeches," meant to write a Life, and promised to. Somehow they never did. Nearly forty years ago Dr. A. P. Peabody expressed the hope that they would not fail to issue a biography of Everett "before the desire for it died away." Everett is now sixty years dead, and half forgotten. Dr. Frothingham has consciously dared much in trying, through the medium of a full-length biography, "to do tardy justice to the memory of a great and brilliant man."

Of his brilliancy there is no doubt. Beginning as a youthful prodigy in the florid oratory of the time, he passed from the pulpit to a professor's chair at Cambridge; then served as Governor of Massachusetts, as Minister at the Court of St. James's, as President of Harvard, as Senator and Secretary of State at Washington. In later years Dr. Holmes called him "the yardstick by which men are measured in Boston." He was eloquent, courtly, handsome, a "Pegasus in the pulpit" and an "Apollo in politics," to use Dr. Frothingham's phrases. Of not the most distinguished New England stock, he married into the Boston aristocracy. Everything from the beginning "came his way."

How is it that from the record as a whole we get an impression of relative failure? Partly because we find him, for all his honesty of purpose, for all his public spirit and devotion to the right as he saw it, an unconscious egotist. He did ill-advised things, but he never did anything that he did not think well-advised for his career as well as for the country. At critical moments he was unable to detach considerations of ambition and self-interest from considerations of public welfare—in the inner recesses of his own mind, at least. Contemporary, and in some senses rival, of Webster, he lacked something of Webster's masculine



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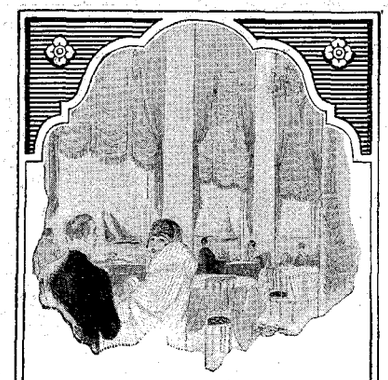

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force. There was always a touch of the actor and of the posing statesman about him. Everett's long and sounding oration at Gettysburg made great noise at the time and won commendation from Lincoln, but it is Lincoln's tiny masterpiece of the same occasion—the complete negation of all then held to be "oratory"—which the world remembers. Edward Everett stood for many fine things, was a pioneer in some things; he failed of greatness, according to Dr. Frothingham, because he lacked a certain hardness of fiber essential to statesmanship: "He was a clergyman in politics. He endeavored from first to last to employ the principles of the pulpit and to practice the gentle virtues of the Ministry of Religion amid all the heat and dust of the political arena."

A sound piece of biography, which succeeds remarkably in its task of rebuilding for us a notable personality out of our American past which for most Americans already had become little more than a name.

Politics and Government

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1492–1828. By Homer C. Hockett, Professor of American History in the Ohio State University. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1829-1925. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Professor of History, Harvard University. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

These are companion volumes of about equal merit, both eminently suitable for use as text-books in the higher schools and in colleges. Both are scholarly and for the most part clear; both are sufficiently provided with maps and copiously with bibliographies. Neither is to be praised for brilliancy or charm or lifelike portraiture or vivid description or penetrating analysis or, indeed, any remarkable quality. Neither author possesses that extremely rare gift, the genius for summarization. But, compared with most attempts at summarization, both volumes are distinctly good.

GERMANY. By George P. Gooch. (The Modern World Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

About Germany to-day. There are five chapters to lay the background and describe the Germany of the past century, and the rise of the Empire. The importance of the great industrialists is emphasized, and there is a chapter upon the intellectual life of modern Germany. The remaining eleven chapters describe internal politics and conditions during and since the war. The writer seems to have achieved a success in fairness and in clear statement. All the confusing events of the Revolution, the foundation of the German Republic, all the strokes and counter-strokes of the last six years, are discussed. It is a valuable book.

Essays and Criticisms

STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES. By Ernest Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Ernest Boyd is a prince, almost a god, of our modern Grub Street. He is of the heroic tradition. No book is alien to him, and he can write anything. Twenty-four hours limit his working day. Though still short of forty, he has been both a pioneer and a memorialist of the Irish Renascence. In 1920 he usurped New York, and since has shone as an editor, literary adviser, reviewer, translator, and so on. He is now engaged (but not busy) with the trifling task of turning Maupassant into sixteen volumes of English. A few months ago one publisher issued his "Portraits: Real and Imaginary," a collection of his recent magazine skits and estimates. Now another publisher, still more august, brings out the present volume, and announces a sequel with the same slightly portentous title, if you change "ten" to "nine."

Mr. Boyd is neither hack nor faker, but a genuine prodigy of zeal and industry in the field of letters. He is a linguist and a scholar; and his voracious appetite for literature has thus far caused no serious indigestion. He usefully blends the methods of the critic and the literary journalist. He wants to give the ordinary reader of some intelligence a glimpse of what is doing in all of the European literatures. His present notes on Portugal, Switzerland, Germany, Poland, and Canada are brief. His fullest papers are given to the countries from which American readers have heard most in recent years: France, Spain, Italy, and the Scandinavian lands. It is in the initial section on France that he is chiefly critical, rather than chiefly informative. In French literature he is intimately at home; his essays on Flaubert and Anatole France will be remembered.

Sociology

SOUTHERN PIONEERS IN SOCIAL INTERPRETATION. Edited by Howard W. Odum. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. $2.

We have here an introductory essay by Dr. Odum (Professor of Sociology at the University of North Carolina) and a group of biographical sketches, as follows: "Woodrow Wilson, a Challenge to the Fighting South," by Gerald W. Johnson; "Walter Hines Page, a Southern Nationalist," by Robert D. W. Connor; "Charles Brantley Aycock, Epic Builder of Education," by Edwin A. Alderman; "Seaman A. Knapp, Pioneer

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in Southern Agriculture," by Jackson Davis; "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, a Southern Cultural Type," by John Donald Wade; "Joel Chandler Harris, Constructive Realist," by Julia Collier Harris; "Booker T. Washington, Creator of a Race Epoch," by Monroe N. Work; "Madeline McDowell Breckinridge, Herald of Community Service," by Sophonisba P. Breckinridge; "Edward Kidder Graham, Apostle of Culture and Democracy," by Robert D. W. Connor.

With the exception of Judge Longstreet, all the persons whose lives and accomplishment are briefly set forth have been important contributors to the work of reconstruction, material and spiritual, in the South. On the whole, the book is decidedly worth while, throwing a good deal of light on an interesting phase. Especially interesting is the account of the really wonderful service to the South of Dr. Knapp (a New Yorker) in development of the Farm Demonstration Work. The sketches of Woodrow Wilson and Walter Page are discriminating and that of Joel Chandler Harris is charming.

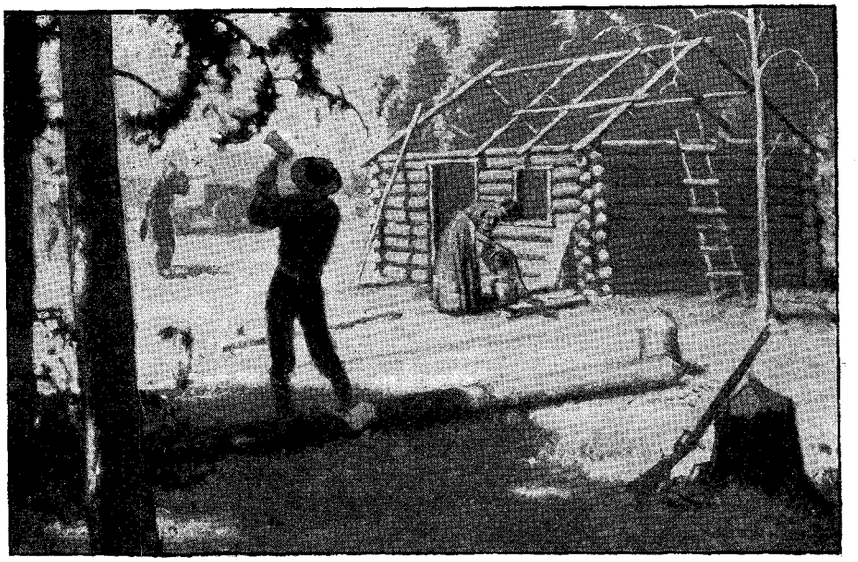
Miscellaneous

MARTIAL: THE TWELVE BOOKS OF EPIGRAMS. Translated by J. A. Pott and F. A. Wright. (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The epigrams of the Roman satirist translated into English verse. Martial has a bad reputation, because of about one epigram in twenty. In this translation many are given as literally as possible, considering the fact that this is a rendering into verse; some are a little veiled in their English form; a few have to be left in the original sin of the language in which the author wrote them. Martial covered every phase of Roman life, the harmless and innocent as well as the scandalous, and hundreds of his epigrams are merely witty and pleasant comments upon society as he had found it. Martial (Marcus Valerius Martialis) was born in Spain about 41 A.D., and died there about 104 A.D. If anybody despairs of our civilization, let him—if he can construe Latin—read a few of the lines left untranslated in this book. They would bring blushes to the cheeks of a group of cigar drummers in a smoking-car.

PUTNAM'S FRENCH CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK. By Henry E. Mills. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Here is another book of cross word puzzles, this time in French. It will afford all the usual joys, with the added delight of increasing your knowledge of French—and perhaps your self-control, when you refrain (as, of course, you do always) from violent language.



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Notes on New Books

A PRIME MINISTER AND HIS SON. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. E. Stuart Wortley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

From the correspondence of the Third Earl of Bute and of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Stuart. Much of this is of especial interest to Americans on account of the chapters dealing with the American Revolution.

CHILDREN'S FUNNY SAYINGS. Collected by D. B. Knox. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

The title of this book commands you to laugh. It takes very funny sayings, indeed, not to be spoiled when so presented. We have read the three sayings which constitute the first page, and gloom rests upon us like an inky cloak.

CREATIVE YOUTH. Edited by Hughes Mearns. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

"How a school environment set free the creative spirit."

GONE ABROAD. By Douglas Goldring. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Chapters on travel in Italy and the Balearic Islands, with some essays on life in England. A book far superior to the usual cut-and-dried observations of the conventional traveler.

THE DELAWARE FINNS. By E. A. Louhi. The Humanity Press, New York.

History of the Finnish settlers in Delaware and adjoining States.

THE NORTHEAST CORNER. By Frederick R. McCreary. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

These are chiefly poems of nature.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

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$86,000,000 in 1902 its gross earnings have grown to about $1,400,000,000 today. The industry has formed the habit of practically doubling every five years. Within the next ten, the "Electrical World" says, that energy generated will triple, gross revenue more than double, and that $6,000,000,000 will be spent on extensions and improvements. The product of this vast industry—electric current—has become a prime necessity of modern civilization.

A study of the electric power and light industry reveals the following points, each of which could be elaborated on at length:

1. Capital investment is necessarily heavy, requiring, it is estimated, about five dollars for every one dollar of revenue.

2. Future possibilities depend on the increased use of industrial power, the extension of electric-lighting facilities to thousands of home communities, adaptation to the railroads, and the increased use of the central power station to replace privately generated power.

3. Demand, once established, is steady; the increased sale of labor-saving devices in the home promotes steadiness, which means economy of operation by abolishing sharp peaks of load.

4. Probably not more than twenty per cent of gross expense is for labor—a very low ratio. Hence a low labor risk.

5. Rates apparently decreasing rather than increasing.

6. Customer ownership, insuring widely divided ownership with consequent manifold advantages.

Electric light and power plants are of three types: those making electricity by hydrogeneration—*i. e.*, water power; those using steam; and a combination. It is hard to predict whether one type is likely to increase more rapidly than another. Steam-generated electricity requires a smaller per horse-power investment than hydrogenerated, a fact of great and often unrecognized importance. Whatever the source, the product is distributed to a growing legion of users and for a growing number of uses. In the last half decade transmission and distribution have been reorganized on a basis which, in effect, integrates important power producers and promises undreamed-of economy and efficiency. This is "super-power," described by David Cowan's $5,000 prize article in these words:

"Super-power . . . is commonly used to describe the great network of interconnected lines of different companies whereby an extensive area is given power facilities with the least possible wastage. The complete interconnection within the

RESULTS COUNT

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You may use this plan to buy a single $100, $500 or $1,000 Smith Bond by payments extended over ten months, or to create a competence by systematic investment over a period of years. If your savings average $10, $20, $50 or more a month, they may be invested safely at 7%.

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The "Standarized Requirements" of the National Union Mortgage Company, in themselves *fully protect* the principal and interest of these bonds. A copy of these requirements will be sent on request and should convince any investor that only the soundest mortgage practice is followed and that every possible *protective* measure is employed to safeguard this investment.

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In addition to the insurance against loss by the Surety Companies mentioned above, all mortgages are unconditionally guaranteed by the issuing mortgage companies. Furthermore, every bond is guaranteed, principal and interest, by the National Union Mortgage Company.

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past three years, despite the early opposition of the Pennsylvania Legislature, of giant power plants in Pennsylvania with existing hydroelectric and steam units on the Atlantic seaboard and in New England to form a super-power system for the whole northeastern section of the United States forms one of the remarkable steps in the development of distribution. In fact, the establishment of super-power systems throughout the country can well be regarded as a milestone in the history not only of the electric light and power industry but of the United States as well, on account of the economic and social changes it has wrought and will to a still greater extent in the future."

The typical electric power and light corporation of the immediate future is a manufacturing company, linked with others through super-power, serving a definite community. It may or may not be owned through its common stock by one of the great holding companies—more than likely it is. In some cases there will be divergence from type and the company will be, like the New York and Queens Electric Light and Power Company, a distributing as opposed to a manufacturing agency. Our typical company may have a single dominating customer, the local street railway. But its end will be to seek a monopoly of customers in its region, a monopoly which will be little feared, thanks to public regulation, on the one hand, and to a healthy degree of customer ownership, on the other.

Coming now to what the investor is chiefly interested in, the securities of the power and light company, first mortgage bonds and preferred stocks comprise the larger portion of the offerings. There are available common stocks in strong companies, but possibly in fifty per cent of the corporations ownership of the common resides in other companies—gas or street railway companies—or holding companies, which, in turn, offer their common to the investor. There are more readily available to the public a considerable list of preferred stocks whose yield is almost invariably high and remarkably steady. An expert analysis of nearly all the electric light and power companies in the industry, made last year, showed that current cash dividends were being paid on all of the first preferreds; that in no case were there accumulated back dividends unpaid; that in fifteen cases dividends had been deferred, but were subsequently paid; and that in eighty-three companies the dividend record of the preferreds was unbroken.

The bonds of electric light and power companies deserve separate treatment, but space at this time forbids. The typical mortgage is what is called an "open-end" mortgage—that is, one which provides that new bonds may be issued against new construction. It is thus possible for the corporation to borrow its needed funds for relatively short periods, or, rather, at relatively short intervals, restricted by carefully drawn and almost standardized provisions which make for both the health of the financial body of the company and safety for the bond buyer.

In this department some months ago we printed eleven tests for a power and light bond, prepared by Bonbright & Co. These are most pertinent here:

1. Interest charges should be earned twice (before depreciation).
2. Bonded debt should not exceed 80 per cent of property value.
3. Bonded debt should not exceed five times gross earnings.
4. Property should be adequately maintained, with combined maintenance and depreciation not less than 12 per cent of gross.
5. Company's right to operate property should extend beyond life of bonds or be indeterminate.
6. Company should be free from competition.
7. Company should preferably have customer ownership of preferred stock.
8. The territory served should be prosperous and growing both in population and industry.
9. Earnings should show an increase in gross and in net for a period of years.
10. The company's main vehicle of financing should be a modern mortgage, with the issuance of additional bonds restricted to eighty per cent of the cost of additions to property and allowable only when interest charges are earned twice.

What, if any, are the outs in the electric light and power industry? So far we have sketched the main lines of the industry and have shown nothing of the seamy side. "We have come," wrote John Moody two years ago, "to regard public utility securities taken as a whole as the most attractive and desirable class in the investment market to-day. More favorably and intelligently regulated than the steam railroads, fundamentally more stable in every respect than the average industrial enterprise, the public utilities of the country face an assured future."

Quite true. But, in spite of this, there are failures and wreckings—proportionately few—such as we find everywhere. Public regulation is a degree of insurance, but is not complete insurance. Judgment of bankers and engineers may err, has erred. This aside, the warning

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120 East 16th Street New York

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Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable. All advertisements carefully censored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33d Street, New York, N. Y.

which we would issue to investors is based on the fact that the electric power and light industry is expanding rapidly. In some particular companies this tendency is sure to be accelerated, with disaster. There may well be holding companies which will offer brighter prospects than are warranted. The exploiter, as distinguished from the true developer, cannot abstain from a field so rich.

The investor must, as ever, invest after, not before, investigating.

From Inquiring Readers

Is this a good time to buy bonds? This inquiry comes from many readers. To one we replied as follows:

"We cannot say, for the reason that a great deal depends on the course of money rates. Money is pretty firm at present, and if it goes down bonds will go up. This, however, is out of our province and in the province of estimates of trends of events."

What this reader had in mind was whether it was wise to invest at present high prices. This is always a puzzle. Another answer that might have been given is: A good bond is always a good bond, irrespective of the price. Price affects income and is reflected in sale value. Without knowing just what the object of the investor is, any reply must be inadequate.

INTERNATIONAL PAPER 6s and the common stock of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad interest one of our readers. Neither of these securities can be classed as a thoroughly conservative investment. Yet they are far from speculative. If purchased, they should be carefully watched and may appreciate.

PLENTY of good companies find themselves in a position now and then when their securities, otherwise high-grade, cannot be considered true investments. A Vermont reader asked this department recently about the American Agricultural Chemical preferred and common. The record follows:

This company earned neither its preferred nor its common dividends during the last four years. Net profits in 1924 were only a little over $100,000; in 1923, $500,000; in 1922, $1,124,000; and in 1921, $6,000,000. The agricultural depression during the past three or four years, rather than anything intrinsically wrong with the management of the company, is said to be the reason for the suspension of dividends.

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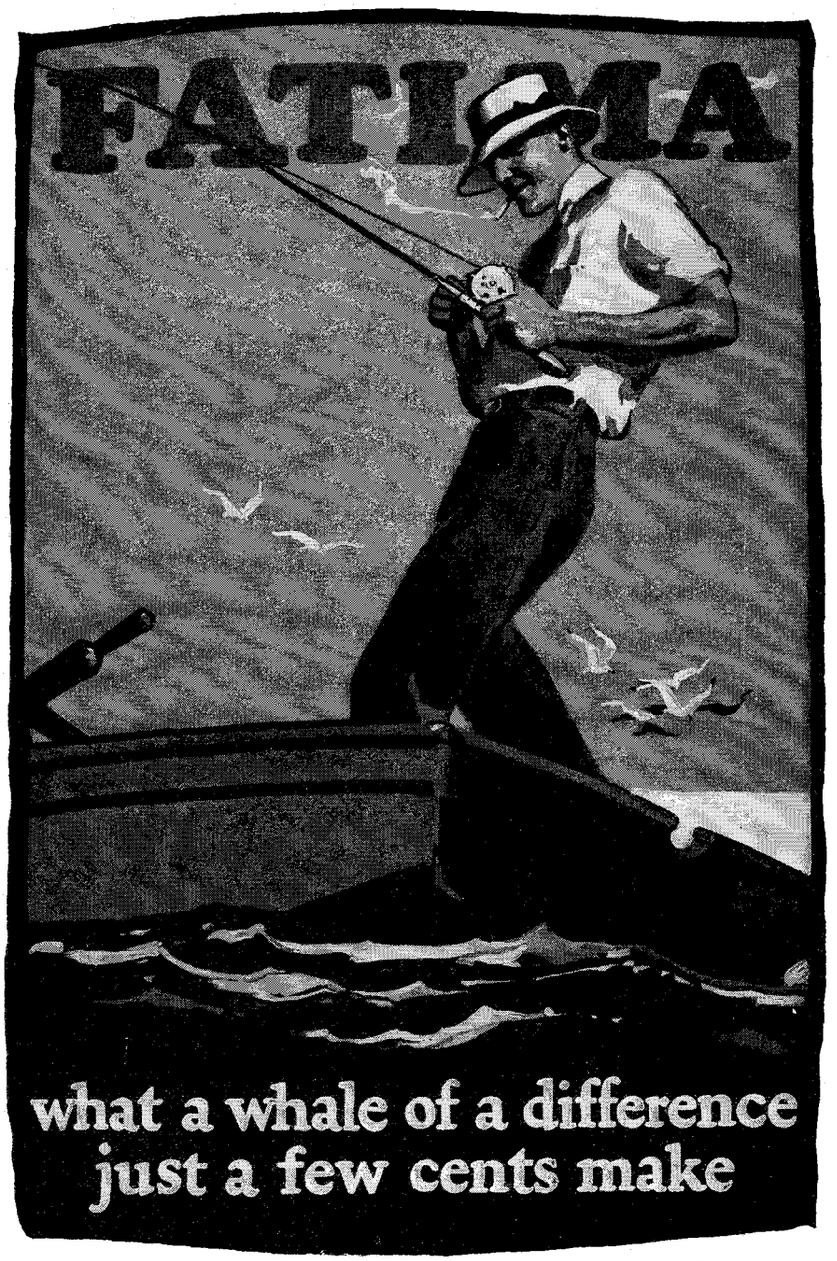

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The Mail Bag

A British Protest

As a regular reader of The Outlook, I have read with disappointment the article entitled "Rubber," appearing in your issue of August 19. The inaccurate and somewhat petty anti-British criticism which runs through it is regrettable to those who, like myself, desire the development of the friendly relations now happily existing between the two great English-speaking nations, and it is singularly in contrast to the usual fairness and broad-mindedness of your articles.

My objections to the statements in your article are as follows:

1. It is contrary to fact and somewhat small-minded to suggest, as the article does, that one of the main objects of the Stevenson plan was to provide Great Britain with "a means of raising the money with which to pay its debt to the United States" and "to stretch the price [of rubber] to American users sufficiently to force them to pay the British debt to America." I admit you are generous enough to say, "This may not have been altogether the conscious purpose," but the above quotations show that I am not unfairly criticising the suggestion running through your article.

The only object of the Stevenson scheme was to save the important rubber plantation industry, in which hundreds of millions of British capital is invested, from bankruptcy. The price of rubber had fallen to far below the cost of production. Many rubber estates, instead of being developed, were becoming derelict and the world was threatened with a serious shortage of this important and necessary material. Fortunately for all users, American as well as others, the British Government, at the request of the planters, took action, and the Stevenson scheme was evolved. The result in raising the price has exceeded expectations and led to perhaps temporary high prices (unfortunately, as many people on this side think); but for this the scheme is not wholly responsible, as had American users had the foresight to make their purchases when prices were low the quantities released under the scheme would have been automatically increased, as I will presently show. On the contrary, they held off in the expectation that the scheme would break down and that they would continue to enjoy the fruits of British enterprise at under the cost of production. They have only themselves to blame for their lack of

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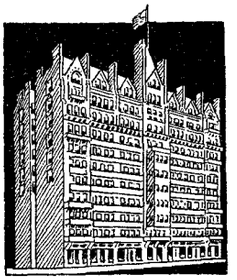

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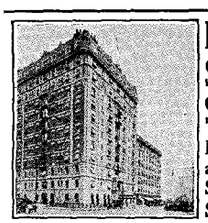

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WANTED—Capable mother's helper or nurse to care for two little boys aged two and three years and to help in household. Must be refined, patient, reliable, strong, with love for children. State salary expected. Answer X., 3515 Lowell St., Washington, D. C.

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WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position with executive future to offer woman of keen intelligence capable of earning $100 a week. Previous business experience not necessary, but experience in educational work helpful. Refinement and determination essential for success. Traveling required—all transportation paid—liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

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EXPERIENCED tutor, traveled, hospital training, will receive young children in mid-Southern home. Instruction in grade subjects, piano, French. Outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. New England management. Address 6,330, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED—Little children about five years old to board in Connecticut country home. Children of professional people preferred. Best references. 6,366, Outlook.

BOYS OF SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, three such under thirteen years received in small *home school near Philadelphia*. Moderate rates. References. 6,367, Outlook.

foresight, which has led to a rush to buy, thus forcing up the price. After all, Americans cannot expect to permanently enjoy the benefit of hundreds of millions of British capital earning little or no return, and the cost to American users is precisely the same as to British users of the raw material.

2. The explanation of the Stevenson scheme in your article is both inadequate and inaccurate. The scheme provides that exportation of rubber from the Malay States should be restricted to a percentage of the standard production (400 pounds per acre), and should be further reduced or increased automatically every three months, according as the average price for that period should be lower or higher than one shilling and threepence (say 30 cents) per pound. In the result the exportation allowance was reduced to 55 per cent in February, 1925. Since then it has been automatically increased under the scheme to 65 per cent in May and to 75 per cent in August, at which it now stands. If, however, as seems certain owing to the apparent world scarcity, the price continues to exceed one shilling and threepence, the allowance will automatically be increased on November 1 to 85 per cent, and on February 1, 1926, to 95 per cent, though, in the opinion of good judges, it will be many months later before many estates will be in a position to organize their labor forces, etc., so as to take advantage of this increased allowance.

3. It is quite incorrect to say that the British Colonial Office, at the request of the American Ambassador, "decided to permit the export of 75 per cent instead of 60 per cent" of standard production. As I have shown, that increase was automatically provided for under the scheme and would have taken place apart from any protest made by the Ambassador to pacify Mr. Firestone and his friends. Fortunately, many American rubber users are better acquainted with the facts than that fiery gentleman and recognize that the Stevenson scheme, in view of the increasing world consumption, is proving a blessing to producers and consumers alike by promising the former a return on their capital and by maintaining and increasing the acreage under rubber, and thus providing the latter with the raw material they require.

By all means let Americans develop rubber plantations where and when they can. No Britisher will crab them. The world is free to all so far as he is concerned. But, in view of the previous results in the Philippines and of the cost of labor in Liberia, no British planter will lose sleep o' nights thinking of Mr. Firestone's rubber trees in those countries.

In conclusion I would venture to remind you that Great Britain does buy some wheat, some cotton, some copper, some oil, from the United States. Do I dream when I remember something of restriction of production in these commodities when the price proved unremunerative? After all, surely "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and I do not think the British Ambassador at Washington was asked to "butt in."

Please forgive the length of this letter, and accept my appreciation of your interesting paper.

PATRICK GIFFORD.

Castle Douglas, Scotland.

[In business and other affairs of life the general principle holds good that is accepted at law—that one may be considered to intend the inevitable consequences of his action. By this principle we can judge of the intent of the Stevenson plan.—THE EDITORS.]

Even a Congressman Sometimes Errs

AT the request of Mr. F. M. Davenport, whose correspondence on the Institute of Pacific Relations in The Outlook for August 19, August 26, and September 2 has made an evident impression upon our readers, two corrections are made. These are due to readers of The Outlook who noted the errors. In the first article Mr. Davenport said that after a study of a thousand simple Chinese characters for one hour a day for six days in a week for four weeks the average plain man or woman in China is able to read a simple newspaper or a simple piece of literature. The statement should have read not "four weeks" but "four months." Then Mr. Davenport referred to Mr. T. Z. Koo as having been suggested to succeed Mr. John R. Mott. This is an error. Mr. Mott, besides being Chairman of the International Committee and the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, is Chairman of the World's Student Federation. The position to which Mr. Koo has been called is that of General Secretary of the World's Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, having its headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, to succeed Dr. Karl Fries, of Sweden, who has held the position for over four years.—THE EDITORS.

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